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110
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Cecil Taylor July 80s

Earlier this year, I became fixated. For several months, all I wanted to do was listen to the music of Cecil Taylor. Work commitments, parental obligations, social engagements, all these were regarded as at best distracting activity, at worst, unmitigated obstacles to be negotiated or relented by whatever means necessary in this regard. You might say my behaviour became somewhat eccentric, if not borderline psychotic. But for better or worse, out of this period of obsessive-compulsive immersion emerged a distinct notion that his finally great public life wasn't with our (official) Chicagoan cover story.

How's that again?
At first glance, Cecil Taylor's official catalogue looks impressive enough: more than 80 albums up to and including 2004's *The Dancer Of The River Bank*. Except the last of those, the still jaw-dropping *Jazz Advance*, was issued way back in 1996. You don't need a mathematics class to tell you that equates to we and she rejected a year! Which, frankly, is a pitiful rate of return for a musician who has been one of the most active and aggressive musical intelligences on the planet for more than half a century now, hands down, no argument.

But averaging things out obscures a greater anomaly. From the formation of his first working trio with Cherry Liners and Sunny Murray in 1952, throughout the 60s and into the early 70s, Cecil's music divided at a furious pace, refining and

expanding on its revolutionary principles, intensifying its complexity and scope, revealing multiple new dimensions. Not that you'd know it from scouring the racks in your local high street jazz emporium (should such a thing exist). During this crucial, mercurial period, Cecil got to chart the trajectory of his music across just 12 releases. Of those, only a handful have remained consistently in print, while such landmark documents of the new jazz as *Spring Of Two Blues* (76) and the three volumes of *Musica De Confrontation* (Moughtn) haven't seen the light of day for decades.

I happen to own copies of all Cecil's official releases from this period. But for a few fervent months earlier this year, that wasn't enough. I needed to know more. There was only one thing for it.

In one corner of my front room, still stacked with easy reach of the sound system, you'll find a pile of cassettes and CD-Rs containing audience recordings, soundboard recordings, collages and studio rerec'd broadcasts documenting more than 60 hours of Cecil Taylor music, taped between 1962 and 1971, both solo and with various incarnations of The Cecil Taylor Unit. Sourced from the global avant-jazz tape trading network as well as MP3-embedded "steamy" blogs, and absorbed earlier this year via a process of hyper-concentrated listening, these unofficial docs have revealed a previously occluded narrative. Defining a quicksilver realm, in which everything flows too fast to see, Cecil's music can appear impenetrably grandiose yet, full of bubble, self-aggrandising, almost autistic in its mania. But tracing the movement of that music as this sequence of illicit recordings made in the jazz clubs and concert halls of the US, Europe and Japan suddenly brought it all into sharp focus, casting light on its radical strategies, its internal structures and systems, its infernal methods of execution.

It was a process of revelation that, once completed, set off the hope, I started listening to other jazzists again.

How many more similar psychoses were out there, awaiting delivery doses from a unorthodox channels? Turn to page 40 of this month's issue, and find out. *Greg Thompson*

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The Box

48 *John's Place* / *Cordell Place* London ELN 88
Tel: +44 (0)20 7402 1018
Fax: +44 (0)20 7402 1015
box@thebox.co.uk

Editorial Director / Publisher

Greg Thompson greg@thebox.co.uk

Artistic Director / Editor

Mark Jones mark@thebox.co.uk

Reviews Editor

David Rothery dave@thebox.co.uk

Editorial Assistant

Rob Thompson rob@thebox.co.uk

Art Director / Designer

Neil Davies neil@thebox.co.uk

Graphic Designer

Patrick Bell paddy@thebox.co.uk

Advertising Sales

Andy Lee andy@thebox.co.uk

Advertising Production

Rob Jones rob@thebox.co.uk

Subscriptions & Administration

Steve Jones steve@thebox.co.uk

Web Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

Art Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

Photo Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

Photo Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

Photo Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

Photo Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

Photo Editor

Debbie Green debbie@thebox.co.uk

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mira calix presents the elephant in the room: 3 commissions

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The album features three commissions: **elephant and castle** on **death** (commissioned by the aldburgh festival), **dead wedding** (commissioned by the wolverhampton international festival and opera north, as well as two films taken from **memory of a moment**, created for an installation at **newcastle sound**

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3 commissions

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Steven Warfield



Steven Warfield, producer of *The Tapeheads* and writer of hits including Marvin Gaye's "I Heard It Through The Grapevine", died on 18 September. He was 67. Warfield was largely responsible for helping Motown singer Stevie Nicks to launch *Young America* in the early 80s and towards a kinder-edged take on soul, reflecting the issues of value in the rights movement. One of the key architects of psychedelia soul, a Primer of which can be found in *The Wire 240*, he wrote songs such as "Psychodisc Shack" which brought the surreal experimental rock music to Motown.

Beats Weekly are set to bring back the noise on their 15th studio album, due for release on October in 2009. Having fulfilled their contractual obligations to Universal with 2006's *After Rites*, the group will start recording new material this autumn. More info on Beats Weekly, including the involving women edition *Stone Weekly* (the *Stone Weekly*), focusing on the group's multi-disciplinary activities, can be found at www.stoneweekly.com

Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum is holding an exhibition of graphic novels, curated by comic writer and *The Wire* contributor Robert Crumb. Entitled *Perspectives 148: Dirty Beasts No Co's Images*, the event includes scores from John Cope, Eric Brown and Ken Kesey. *Woodhouse* through to more recent figures such as Christian Marzetta and Stephen Wadell. Treating the comic as an art object in their own right, it aims to examine the cross-fertilisation between comics and visual arts in the New York School, Fluxus, conceptualism, minimalism and other contemporary art movements. The exhibition runs until 7 December. cathy.org

Funk composer **Bootsy Collins** died 9 September, aged 60. Jimmy Fallon recently hosted this year. An eclectic musician, Bootsy was equally at home writing blended

rock music, composing for synthwave or writing for string quartet. He collaborated with the likes of Prince, Salinas, David Byrne, Björk, Louie Armstrong and Robert F. Kennedy. His most recently single and made, *The House of the Living Dead*, has just been released on *Combed Dots*. combeddots.com

To celebrate the 40th anniversary of *musique concrète*, the *Hardtfield Contemporary Music Festival* has commissioned a project by Matthew Adkins linking over 60 of the world's elite composers. Musicians such as M.C. Escher, Franz Liszt, Steve Rude and Stephen Mathews all contributed a single sound object, and then used each other's sounds. All the material was taken by artists to the studios at 801-808 in Paris and assembled into a single piece. The work will be presented in *Hardtfield* on 29 November and subsequently released on CD. hardtfield.com

Byron Bussard and **Florian Becker** have listed a prominent figure in contemporary music to create works for *The Missing Link*, a new collaborative project that is part of their year 3 *Serial Intervention de Arte Contemporanea* in Berlin. Some works by Glenn Wilton, Becker, and the *Work Fell*. Byron Bussard and Florian Becker will be staged in a performance scheduled according to complex geometric principles and cosmological theory. The project runs until 11 January 2010. the21.org/berlin is also getting an *anti-chained conceptualization* at *Snake-Glass 10* in London. The series, titled *Phosphorus*, *Dark Energy*, aims to sequence of sound distributed across five landscapes. The installation runs until 27 November. anderson.com

Gopoke, the folk band Birmingham's Supreme Festival, are launching a project entitled *Year of Metal*, a digital archive of music, memorabilia and their stories celebrating heavy metal's roots in the West Midlands. The launch will take place at *West Midlands Art Gallery* on 23 October

to coincide with the 40th anniversary of Led Zeppelin's release of the first "Heavy Metal". The launch will be open down to the gallery in the day with their memorabilia and stories to be recorded for the archive.

David Byrne will be performing from his new album *Everything But The Noise* with *Walt* at London's South Bank Centre on 22 & 23 April as part of the annual *Other Festival*. The record, a gospel-themed collection of what Byrne calls "proper songs", is the duo's first collaboration since their 2007 album *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*. The record, a gospel-themed collection of what Byrne calls "proper songs", is the duo's first collaboration since their 2007 album *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*. The record, a gospel-themed collection of what Byrne calls "proper songs", is the duo's first collaboration since their 2007 album *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*.

Earlier this year artist Jane Good and musician John Burt Foster and Rick Ross were awarded £30,000 by the PBS Foundation to create *The Fragmented Orchestra*, a giant, geographically distributed musical apparatus built to reflect the way the human brain processes sound. So called "musical units", composed of a microphone, amplifier and speakers, are now being placed in locations around the UK and will pick up ambient sounds and transmit these back to the NCT centre in Liverpool, where visitors will be able to "play" the sounds. *The Fragmented Orchestra* will be presented from 12 December until 22 February 2009. thefragmentedorchestra.com

Some of the biggest names in music psychedelia music are performing at a new festival of the 2009 arts and music festival in London to celebrate the opening of *New Music* exhibition and French psychedelia. *Electric* features will be performing alongside The Skunk, Lehar, Azzoli, Sylvester Arling, The Telephoto, the Bandhouse Collective and more. The festival takes place between 20-30 November. newmusicfestival.com

Eight leading sound artists from across the globe are coming together this month



Nicola

at London's Café Oto to perform an interpretation of Jackson Nordell's *Dream People* series. Angeline Davies, Hannah Pridmore, James Archer, M.K. Douglas, Lorne Warburg and Mark Wicks are among those taking part. A free live version of *Dream People* was previously staged in London, while 24 hour version in Stockholm earlier this year. This new performance is due to take place at a limited night hour, from 2-10pm on 22 November. cafeto.co.uk

The release of *23 October* is back outside the group's own label *Rena Records* previously released their back catalogue in the early 00s. But now, but the studio afterwards. rena.com

100% Quasimodo *Soul Jazz* is renowned club night, is back in London town after a year year hiatus. The club will take place at Café Oto on 10th Nov, with a variety of music ranging from 2-12pm

Tireless ring Dutch drummer **Ben Beusink** has been awarded the *Best of European Jazz Prize*. Ben Beusink has played a role in the development of European jazz, and has also been a part of several other collaborative ventures, notably with *Spring*. Ben Beusink and guitarist *Ben* of Dutch avant-garde pianists *The Ra*.

Mina Celis is collaborating with *Simone* on an audio project which aims to feature people, to produce a project inspired by late Renaissance composer Gregorio Allegri's *Missa*. Entitled *My Secret Heart*, it involves around 120 participants from regional workshops and encompasses pre-recorded voices, live vocals, film and electronics. The finished product will be a collage of film and recordings that will be projected into a large cylindrical screen, allowing audiences to move around inside. A live performance will be held on 2 December at the Royal Festival Hall, and the installation will then be toured worldwide.

The Joined-up World of *The Wire*



Bob Rapsberry is *The Graphic Method* Rapper

Wireline on air

Five items going up on *The Wire*'s website will coincide with this month's issue, including contributions' additional submission to the Unofficial Chronicle cover story, a competition to win a copy of the Masses label's eight CD box set, *The Graphic Method* by Bob Rapsberry (the shoddy-dog this month's Gato Lucha band festival (see Global Cat), music from Gato Lucha and Tonic Park, footage of a performance of Bob Rapsberry's *The Graphic Method* by Bob Rapsberry, standard to scripts of the interview with Gato Lucha and Bob Rapsberry, and more.

The Wire

The Wire has a blog. Pick your browsers to www.wire.co.uk for some extra time readings on modern music matters.

As Part of Klang

As part of the Klang festival, a collection of music by the late Gato Lucha.

Bob Rapsberry, *The Wire* will be hosting a live-site night event on London's South Bank under the banner, *The Graphic Method* by Bob Rapsberry. The event will feature performances by a number of Bob Rapsberry's local children, including a local hip-hop crew, a collection of modern laptop to showcase led by John Wiley, and a full-length hip-hop session featuring Pat Thomas, Mark Sanders and John Gato, plus a performance of Bob Rapsberry's *The Graphic Method* by Bob Rapsberry, standard to scripts of the interview with Gato Lucha and Bob Rapsberry, and more.

Networks on the Ground

This month, subscribers to *The Wire* can get a free 25 track download compilation courtesy of London's Network festival. This is a collection of music by the late Gato Lucha, a collection of music by the late Gato Lucha, a collection of music by the late Gato Lucha, and more.

DJ sets and installations, including a computer-controlled orchestra, a live site with a collection of modern laptop to showcase led by John Wiley, and a full-length hip-hop session featuring Pat Thomas, Mark Sanders and John Gato, plus a performance of Bob Rapsberry's *The Graphic Method* by Bob Rapsberry, standard to scripts of the interview with Gato Lucha and Bob Rapsberry, and more.

Advances in Modern Music

Resource 104 FM

The Wire's weekly show on the UK's only community arts radio station is broadcast across Central London on 104 FM every Thursday between 9-10.30pm, with an www.wire.co.uk streaming at www.wire.co.uk.

Recent editions of the show, all of which are archived at www.wire.co.uk as downloadable MP3s or streams, have featured guest music from Max Tundra (20) and Philip Jack (25).

Issue 208

The December issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 13 November.

For more updates on what's happening in *The Wire*, sign up to *The Wire*, our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at www.wire.co.uk.

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-*MTV, Spin Magazine*

"A BESSON ELECTRONIC MASTERPIECE"
-*MTV, Spin Of The Week, Spin Magazine*

"FROM AN UP TO AN UPPER UP AND THEN UP AGAIN!"
-*The Wire*

"YOU GO I GO TOO IS A TRIUMPH OF SOUND DESIGN"
-*MTV, The Guardian*

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Delia Derbyshire

The lost tapes

"My understanding of Delia as a composer has been a completely deconstructed knowing these tapes." David Butler is talking about the pristine tape archives at BBC Radiophonic Workshop depots in Delia Derbyshire, which Manchester University have just acquired and digitized. 2000 was the Workshop's 50th anniversary, and it's already seen the work of Derbyshire's colleague John Baker strip-mixed for a brace of recent Track releases. Their audio files are set to mirror the Workshop's much-admired album collections from 1965 (*BBC Radiophonic Music*) and 1970 (*The Radiophonic Workshop*) on CD, alongside a two CD anthology spanning the department's entire history.

The Derbyshire archives, then, come as the icing on the cake. Shared by the musician herself as huge, tattooed Kerlaag's coffin lies, upon her death in 2005, the cake was was hogged at the Workshop archive's Black Agency. Recognizing the historical importance of the haul, Apple began negotiations for a radio production with Butler's lecture in Screen Studies, and the Derbyshire estate. Just as the recordings of Workshop pioneer English Death have recently become a precious resource at Goldsmiths College in London, so too has Derbyshire's music found a lasting home in Manchester's Oxford Road.

Contained in those cardboard boxes were 267 tape reels, each around 30 minutes long, covering both Derbyshire's BBC work and her subsequent freelance career. They range from full-on avant-garde for creative producers to embryonic sketches of some of her best-known work. The project has required some delicate detective work. On the 1st arrival with Butler at the university, some of the reels, and their identifying labels, were missing loose from

their spindles. Simply playing the outcasted tapes posed a major hurdle, but an Butler reveals, none simply stopped in. "The BBC's Oxford Road studios in Manchester were getting rid of an old Studer A80 deck," he says. "They just didn't need it any more, and they're generously loaned it to us. It plays beautifully, that machine."

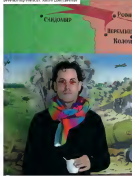
After a year spent transferring the tapes, the archive's contents has now been formally announced. Already the music that's been unearthed has been attracting attention. One brief, rhythmic snippet has been likened to ending-edge dance music, sparking online rumors that the piece was an acid-house track. But it's definitely generic. Derbyshire's tapes confer several examples of what Butler describes as "really aggressive, nasty rhythmic tracks" that, combined her reputation as a creator of gentle ambient music.

As yet, the whole project is still in its early stages. Once labeling is in place, Manchester University plans to create a full-time archival post, and launch symposia and concerts regarding its Derbyshire's music. Music fans at large will have access to the recordings, too. "That's not so hard to start," insists Butler. "If we didn't make this available to people outside academia we wouldn't be honoring Delia's approach to her music. She bridged the experimental and the popular, and that's one reason why for some years she wouldn't have been acknowledged as — I hate the label — serious' music only, because of that association with film and music. But that's genuinely why she's had the influence that she's had." It's a modest first, our day, awarded parties will be able to hear the recordings in the following series at the university. "But that probably won't happen for several years," Butler admits, "but that's the long-term aim." Andy Wenny



Derbyshire in the present. Delia Derbyshire in

Seventeenth-century. Astrid Lukersmith



Record label politics

A host of media-heavy music-business executives have already pledged their support for the candidates in the forthcoming US presidential election, but Thomas Moore's *Electric Peace* is taking wing the

spirit of even underground artists on a mix of video interviews on their web site. First lady Bessie Butler called attention to her across the live folk-rock/jazz spectrum of events such as September's ATP festival in Mendocino and gigs at the Bowdoin in Montague, Massachusetts. Moore explains the genesis of the project: "Toller has stopped by the Forster Peace folk and cinema festival with his first film about the first steps of independent record stores called *It's Not Your Record*, and we were duly impressed. Bessie and Andrew [see, my partner at the label], helped [the idea]." Forster Peace

staff had long ago pledged their support for Barack Obama, leading to less-than-ideal fits from the studio. More releases are likely to place online in subsequent weeks.

Interviews range from offbeat rock-pop frog performers to folkies: G. Spencer "Son" Smith is an independent singer — to more or less the same from Joe McPhee, who echoes Mickie Blower's qualified pessimism, and Aaron Miller of Tilt Pine, who remarks the time for all-party delegations at Santa Palms is nearer as mayor of Whistler, Alaska. There's support for Obama from the Marx of Paul Flaherty and David Poole, but also a degree of apathy: while Ben Derthick's *Barfist* attempts to go into Barack's life and direct a scathing biopic, he also questions whether the election will make any concrete difference for artists.

Moore puts the spotlight closer to "social-political resistance on the side of right-wing or Republican resistance." For artists, he says, "the decision to join the party appears to show actual ideological choices has been psychologically daunting. That's the real effect of dumbing down democracy by the Republican campaign and it doesn't instill a sense of disenfranchisement." He contrasts the current mood with previous periods of rock protest: "When Reagan was in office there's a punk rock uprising of American hardcore bands rallying against the neo-con regime closed in isolation. By the time the Bush-Obama administration had replaced the comedy of surrealism the entire alternative music protest had been spent, or at least quelled by the right wing decision to ignore it at all costs."

David Wolkstein dwolkstein@comcast.net



Forster Peace subjects Dave Moore, David Wolkstein and David Poole

Stockhausen's *Aus Den Sieben Tagen* Seven days that changed the world

"My initial reaction to making the score of

Stockhausen's Aus Den Sieben Tagen [From Seven Days] was one of puzzlement — a good way to start," says UK-based cellist Antony Lukaszewicz. Under his artistic direction, the piece will receive a rare performance in its entirety, across two days at the end of October at this year's Out & Spine Festival in East London. Stockhausen wrote this collection of pieces at the turbulent onset of his 1966, following five days of meditative retreat. That retreat was in response to a personal crisis — a letter from Fluxus artist Ray Manzarek announcing the end of their marriage — yet the radical nature of *Aus Den Sieben Tagen* belongs to the larger picture of that time.

The score consists exclusively of brief electronic texts: five statements of Stockhausen's "repeated variant plus 14 verbal prompts intended to stimulate 'intuitive music'" — text Stockhausen found more accurate than "improvisation." He conceived performers of this piece as being like radio receivers — he own role was to tune them in. At that time, he was working with a regular ensemble, already well attuned to his personality. "*Aus Den Sieben Tagen* requires a particularly acute sensitivity," Lukaszewicz observes. "Certain of the current generation of experimental performers are a bit out with a large range of musical forms — free improvisation, highly notated scores, more abstract and obscure textual scores. I decided to orchestrate the different pieces specifically for my pool of musicians. I've put together a supergroup of players, ideally suited to the task at hand, and nearly all of them are good friends — that should create a unique situation. It's a monumental work, deeply alive on paper, but its implications are infinitely complex."

More than 30 performers are involved, including Lukaszewicz's own troupe for Apartment House, a

selection of his colleagues from the radical classical ensemble Zeitkratzer. Singers Phil Martin and Midge Rotsey, percussionist Michael Vorfeld and American composer David Behrman, who worked as assistant to Stockhausen intermittently during the early 1980s.

A theatrical section "High/Low", scored originally for a man, woman and child, will be realised by Lithuanian artist Arturas Buzaitis, as a video installation running throughout the festival. A particular challenge is posed by a section entitled "Gold Dust": "It's infamous for asking that performers remain isolated and fasting for four days, before they perform," Lukaszewicz explains. "Well, that is exactly what will happen. Matthew Lee Knowles and Neil Luck will be held up in an apartment in East London prior to the festival. They'll keep a running blog of their experience of the process, which the public will be able to follow on the Out & Spine website, and they will finish their performance as the first act on stage, opening the proceedings."

The extreme requirement, asking musicians to access an altered state through withdrawal and self-denial, is not an arbitrary tradition. Stockhausen's immediate response to Manzarek's departure with their children was to stage a hunger strike. It rapidly transformed into an ascetic practice that enabled him to overcome his sense of loss and conceive of a new compositional approach. Following his actual death nearly 40 years later, Stockhausen is also being commemorated this month with a further series of concerts that will take up the London South Bank Centre's King Festival (which includes a five after hours event programmed by The Wire, see Out There) Meanwhile, at Wilson's Music Hall, Antony Lukaszewicz and his friends will be reversing the strange residue of the composer's darkest hour. johncreeley.co.uk/outandspine.com

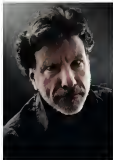


From *Wolke* by Lukaszewicz

Gino Robair

By Julian Cowley

Potluck



percussionist

"For me, music making is a social effort," says percussionist Gino Robair, a highly active member of the improvising community in San Francisco's Bay Area. That gregariousness was already evident ten years ago when Robair recruited *Buddy System* (NewMusic) with friends including saxophonist John Butcher, turntablist Ouseg Yoshitake, vibelist LaDorne Smith and computer musician Tim Perles. More recently Robair has conceived a multidisciplinary opera called *I, Norton* as a means to bring diverse performers together.

Commemorating Justice Norton, a 19th-century Californian eccentric who declared himself Emperor of the United States, *I, Norton* combines seduction, graphic scores, some full notation, game and memory-based improvisation structures. Robair regards it as an opera, in that word's root sense of a collection of works. He also speaks of it as a practical tool that can shape performances to match the immediate needs of any group of participants. The topography as well illustrated by a sequence showing such a performance as *Neary Peak*, Tim Perles's 2006 film about Bay Area musician.

"I've said it, Norton to get a wide range of local musicians to work together," Robair explains. "Often they come from different genres and might not otherwise be on stage at the same time. Score sheets promote interaction between related disciplines too. The piece conceivably be realized by non-musicians such as dancers, actors, painters or web builders." Robair has prepared a CD realization of *I, Norton* using recordings of several live performances that involved several hundred musicians. In post-production there have been several other intentional reconfigurations. So, for example, graphic score pages were used to determine which ones of the ensemble are heard and which are muted beneath singing voices is a common notion. "I find that at a satisfying way to work, cooperatively," he remarks. "Not the same process can be used

live, with an improviser at the front-of-house mixer. It's all interconnected for me: improvisation feeds composition which feeds improvisation. This piece will never be finished. I always add to it and refine it after each performance, because something new develops or there's critical feedback from those involved."

Robair received formal academic training in composition and as a percussionist. After completing his undergraduate degree in California, his passionate interest in improvisation led him to seek lessons in London from AMM's Eddie Prévost. "Eddie's first mistake was, 'You have the degree in percussion. What am I going to teach you?' But I knew that his music was multidimensional and I had a lot of questions, even though at first time I couldn't articulate them adequately. I learned from him how musicians in the London scene lived this music. It was very different where I came from. His intensive participation in the scene – running the Matchless label, organizing a festival, writing about music – had a profound influence on us beyond the playing aspects of my life." Since 1996 Robair has issued more than 60 releases on his own Potluckson label by a wide range of the world's improvising musicians.

Rigorous study with percussionists of the calibre of William Kraft, Ran George and Willem Wijnant has equipped Robair with a formidable set of advanced technical skills that enable him to move easily between disparate contexts – driving the wild jazz funk of *Spätkoffer* like or Pink Mountain sleepwashed rock, negotiating challenges posed by accompanying Anthony Braxton and Taz Warts. Robair's pulsating impulse is inevitably to move beyond the frame, testing his own ingenuity and resourcefulness. "I saw where it's going to help me create phrases that they were designed for, such as playing rolls around an array of flat surfaces," he remarks. "They don't necessarily help me if I'm doing a piece of polytempo. One way to find your own voice and to keep improvisation fresh is to cut the tether of being

a regular set of instruments. I began to leave the drums at home. Am I still a drummer if I don't play a drum or use a stick during a performance?"

On various recordings, including *Sputter* (Creative Sources), his fascinating 2004 duet with radical trumpeter Sigmund Otter, Robair is credited as playing 'energized surfaces' (using drums as resonators or sounding boards for other objects) and 'voltage wide audible' (juxtapose analogue-electronic). "One way to make sure I'm always improvising is to steer away from things that I know intensely," he continues. "If I bring to a performance a bag of things I've never played before – usually from the recycling bin. Or I let the audience provide instruments. These 'potluck percussion' sessions are a way to work in an environment of total improvisation. If someone shows up with a pack of hot dogs and someone else has a hairbrush, I have to make a performance with those. It's accepted that rule on my part, because it makes for the most extreme example of live improvisation. I can't rely on my own bag of tricks."

Listening to his recordings, it's often difficult to tell how Robair generates a specific sound. He is drawn to musicians who leave you wondering what instrument they are playing and he acknowledges that the unorthodox guitar playing of Seth Kraw and Fred Frith has been a major inspiration to him. The affinity he feels for John Butcher's saxophone playing has a comparable basis. "I like the way he gets an electronic, non-musical sound out of his instrument, as an acoustic way. It parallels my own focus on finding ways to play that are unusual for the instrument and an achieving acoustically blurry, that sound electronic. It's completely in the moment while improvising in that way and I can't tell exactly how long I've been playing – regular time goes out the window. It's like a meditation for me – an altered state. That's not New Age, that's just how it feels." © Gino Robair appears as the flautist in the Contemporary Music Festival this month in a group led by John Butcher: see Out There

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Yo! Majesty

By Matt Gorney

Royal



Majesty duo: Shonda K (left) and Jel B

bust-ups

"A dual-race black, gay woman, religious woman... let me tell you, we don't have a voice." Just recovering from a rap, Yo! Majesty's singer-songwriter Jel B is warming up, getting traction. "So how about listening to my story a little bit?"

Through the international release of the *Aggrieved Pussy EP* and the recent *Autobustably Speaking*... Never Be Afraid album, Florida's booty-rapping Yo! Majesty now have their platform. Behind the profane, Pentecostal, girls-only hedonism appears an unselfconscious, honest document, harking back to America's mid-1980s Golden Age of hip-hop. For seven years, Jel B and rapid-fire rapper Shonda K have been working at getting that voice, and now they've taken an effective image at the male-dominated mainstream rap, typically by leaving out the topic of hip-hop's vast XQ crowd altogether. Shonda K recalls of her early lyrics, "In the beginning, when I was 18, it was so gay... it was so, like... mean to him. All our lyrics [were], there's no one of it, we're gonna so much because before it was: fuck the nigger. I'd take your bitch and make her my bitch. And when you listen to [*Autobustably Speaking*], it doesn't sound gay, so f--- it's just the shit."

Shonda K's hometown, Plant City, just 25 miles from Jel B's base in Tampa, is a place where so defiantly displayed "Bitch-Chewy (B)" bumper stickers still adorn a huge percentage of cars, as they cruise a crossroads of the old and new South. Here is America's winter strawberry capital. Yo! Majesty's mostly gay-sounding lyrics read like a hip graphic novel's rendition of a local culture: cocaine-tipped parenting, lack of positive self-identity, all amplified by the Bible Belt-driven cultural dismissal of homosexuality. *Autobustably Speaking* will probably be cited as the season's first female sexuality discussion, so there to the likes of Liz Phair and

Peaches. But while those projects had a sure sense of marketable self-knowledge, Yo! Majesty are the Rancid-to-be, uncut and unashed, to the Florida Syndrome of its predecessors. Jel B's discouraging and destructive error lies on the opening track, "Fucked Up," as hard as her faux-angry dismissal of a past-the-expiry-date male partner in "Leather Jacket" is an amusing boogie.

Initially, Yo! Majesty escaped "itty bitty Plant City" by way of a time-honored Florida tradition — the outsider visiting an elderly, newly-deceased family member one last time. That was David Alexander, then half of the London production team *hustle4real* (a.k.a. with Richard Westinley). Having decided to stay in Tampa, ultimately he headed into a local studio to document area rappers. Alexander recalls, "Shonda came in with a bunch of other guys to freestyle over one of my beats, got on the mic and completely blew my mind." He taped "Club Action" with the duo [this resulted out to a trio by the now-side Slick R], only to see all progress halted in 2003 by Shonda's dramatic exit. "She married a preacher — the only time I saw her wearing long dresses — [and] went on tour preaching about God." Under her given name, last names, she made an about-face with *Neel Finkle*, a gospel-rap record. While the year, however, Alexander ran into Shonda's now ex-husband at a Tampa bar — saw the preacher was a pimp, "running girls" — and, after a single phone call, producer and rapper were working together again.

Yo! Majesty is a unlikely communion of Americas. Soother in *Aggrieved* with a UK mutant electronic clubline crunch to the female that makes the whole so seductive. It's also the ticket back from under the smacked hegemony of brands dominating mainstream hip-hop. The rebelliousness of the duo's recordings and the videos dotting YouTube draw comparison

with the confrontational attack of a Bad Brains show, or Iggy Pop live, or a winner feeling the headless power of Judgment Day. The 2007 edition of South by Southwest (SXSW) in Austin, Texas was the reale where Yo! Majesty found the whole wide world. Regarding their YouTube-documented Beauty Bar experience, Shonda says, "After that it was, like, wherever you all need." Intrigued, Ross Miles from the UK's Domino label stepped in, and introduced a further stable of producers to the Yo! Majesty project: a serendipitous Basement Jaxx connection sparked at SXSW culminated in the "Booty Klap" track. "That was where Jel took off her top and showed a guy," Alexander adds wistfully, recalling Yo! Majesty's own Hendrix-at-Motown moment.

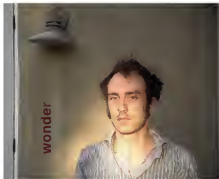
Shonda K is trading her Florida home for Brooklyn in half a day's time, sitting with her girlfriend/Francie Telen among a jumble of moving boxes. She seems ready to use the interview to close out an escalating series of events surrounding Yo! Majesty's latest that has precluded the release of *Autobustably Speaking*. This has culminated in a widening gap between her and Jel B, which has the two members communicating through management only. Jel is matter of fact about the tension. "She has her life, we having my own life and we come together to do the show... being positive and professional. Professors and we are, and you can quote me on that."

Alexander weighs in by phone. "The girls have a big personality. I have huge arguments, massive arguments recorded to tape. The arguments were quite musical. That's where the energy for the music came from. I think there is a very bright future, very real... a good reason it's part of the music, part of the synergy of it all. We'll all still be around, we live for it." *Autobustably Speaking*... Never Be Afraid is out now on Domino.

Tristan Perich

By Kurt Gottschalk

1-bit



Composer, pianist, and seemingly authentic assemblage Tristan Perich is standing in the front district of New York's Little Ethiopia as a warm evening in August. A necktie falls over his collarless T-shirt, a plastic cup of white wine in one hand and the desk telephone he has reused to serve as his mobile in the other. His affable, casual manner perhaps belies the trappings of avant-garde artist.

In the back room, his drawing machine fills one wall. A system of pulleys and a small circuit board move a pen clipped to two wires across a large sheet of paper taped to the wall. It steadily fills a triangular area with parallel lines and intermittent scribbles, moving between randomness and order. The drawing will continue for two days or until the pen is dried up and then the paper will be replaced.

The uncontrollable variables — irregularities in the paper's surface, the angle of the pen — make each drawing different. The software program Perich wrote to direct the pen would otherwise keep the drawings consistent. It's a touch of happenstance he doesn't allow in his music.

His visual art and the music he writes combining 5-bit electronics and acoustic instruments are similar in aesthetic. Both are simple computer programs to dictate creative participants. In the control eye, however, they are very different. "In the drawings, there is this randomness," he says. "I don't see ever using randomness in my music. But both of them come entirely from working with very simple mechanisms. They're definitely related in that sense. Beautiful things come out of mechanical systems."

Five nights after the Dactyl opening and a mile and a half away, Perich appeared at The Stone with the

noise collective Lead Objects. The small performance space is filled with file, video and transparent projectors, an electric guitar and to be of circuitry and wires. Perich, wearing two neckties this time, and two bandmates begin soldering wires together on the transparency screen, making the process visible to the audience in shadow. A magnificent howl emanates from one projector: a spool of film looped and tugged at as it is pulled through, followed by a delicately applied howl, as the sounds of the proximity zone to life. It is at times a dense noise, but not a brutal one, more refrigerator hum than hammer.

Quite distinct from the Lead Objects experiments, Perich's new compositions are an austere mixing of electronic and organic, simple tones and instrumental textures. They can be delicate, as with the richness of an molins in his piece *Active Field* (one of the many recordings he has made available for free download at his website), alternately making and revealing the relations between the same number of tone generators. It's a slow, formal intermingling of sound qualities which owes more to Steve Reich than anyone in the electronic music canon.

Perich, 27, started parallel lessons when he was in grammar school and went on to earn a double major in music and mathematics at Columbia University in 2004, followed by a Master's in interactive telecommunications from NYU/Tech last year. While he was familiar with the idea of a scheduled art making (in the 1970s his father, artist Armin Perich, made a machine that used a photograph as a template to create well-lit, sound paintings), he initially resented using technology in his own work.

"I really hated — and still kind of do — most electroacoustic work," he admits. "There are a lot of

complications in it — a lot of it is kind of akin. Sometimes that's great, but I never thought electronics would be a part of my music."

That changed as he began to see electronic tones not as an effect but simply another instrument. His compositions for pure electronics can be heard on the Caylelope release *2-Bit Music* — a computer chip housed in a CD jewel case with a built-in headphone jack. The music works with the most basic of information: Most electronic music uses at least 38-bit information. Handheld video games, like the frequently circuit-bent GameBoy, operate at eight bits. But 1-bit tones — as heard in microwaves and alarm clocks — are either on or off, no further values or finesses can be added.

"I don't really think of it as a limitation," he says. "I have a beef with the idea of binary/your options and a playing that. I think of it more as writing for a simple voice. As you go down the sampling list rate, when you get down to one bit, every value is either zero or one. There is no volume control, there's no timbral adjustment. It's a really raw, beautiful electronic tone."

2008 has been a busy year for 1-bit music. Along with the Caylelope release, and a commission from Bang On A Can (the New Music ensemble that runs the label), Perich performed as a part of the Whitney Museum biennial and at the South By Southwest festival in Texas as well as in Canada, Norway, Ireland, Iceland and the UK. The rest of the year will find him focusing on a residency at New York's lower Project Room and composing new chamber works for solitary bits.

"The thing that we both so much, the sheer clock sound, can be indistinguishable from the really beautiful, classical instruments," he suggests. "That's very special, I think." □ tristanperich.com

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Guča

Robert Rigney joins 800,000 Dionysian revelers at Serbia's biggest brass band blowout

Guča, a small village in western Serbia around four hours south of Belgrade, has only 3,000 inhabitants, two main streets, a couple of simple street cafes and one football stadium and one hotel. It makes its money mostly from harvesting raspberries, but for four frantic days at the beginning of August the place transforms into a Balkan brass music mecca in spirit to Pampasville's San Fancin or Mardi Gras's Orkneyfest — except instead of bulls and beer there are blaring Gypsy trumpets and not Serbian plav brandy. It's the biggest outdoor celebration in the Balkans, this year attracting more than 800,000 visitors.

The highlight of Guča is the competition for the Golden Trumpet. Groups come from all over Serbia to compete for this much-revered prize and to play as dozens of makeshift restaurants and beer tents for tips — bekishif, it's called in the Balkans. The town's streets are blocked off, taken over by stalls selling arts and crafts, Balkan (and jazz) CDs, spit-roasted lamb, fireground rides. Musicians come from all directions, blasting brass sound systems and from the trumpets and tubas of swampy Gypsy brass bands marching through the streets and playing in restaurants. Sometimes there are five bands playing at once in the same location, each one surrounding parties of dancing Serbs. The music is deafening, pure high-velocity boogie. Everyone is drunk, naturally dancing, joking, cackling, dancing on tables, prodding themselves before musicians, rebelling

musicians, begging trumpetists to blast directly into their ears. "Guča is something like a Serbian Love Parade," comments one passing local.

Revelers wake up and down the jammed streets, thronging to the statue of the Guča trumpeter in the town centre and packing the cafes, makeshift restaurants and beer tents. Around the statue are scenes of conscious madness. One Guča custom involves throwing beer in the air, dousing the crowd with flaming beer. First one starts, the others join in, until everyone is sopping wet. Real bands play to separate parties of drinking Serbs, seamlessly keeping a steadily undisturbed rhythm as they compete against each other in volume and intensity. Some of the orchestras spill out into the streets, dressed in typical Balkan costumes: green cloth hat, embroidered vest, opasala and trousers, dance-fitting at the calves and billowing out from the thighs. There are several foreign orchestras as well: two from France, one from Israel and a German band from Bavaria.

There is a belief that the Gypsy musician expresses the soul of the Serb. Serb drinkers sit with a fistful of denars, periodically shouting rebukes at players or throwing money in the air. They are demanding, "Cut it — I'm not hearing it," sometimes are hysterical, the next moment he is on his knees, prostrating himself in front of the trumpet player.

At the football stadium, the Golden Trumpet competition is in full swing. One of this year's 20 contenders, a Serb outfit in typical Serbian get-up is

playing to an enthusiastic crowd of youths during kolos in the bottle-drone field. I buy a beer and take in the scene from a makeshift bar until the orchestra wraps up its last number, leaves the stage and takes its way through the stadium in the direction of the town centre, leading a procession of cheering, dancing fans behind them. The lead player is borne aloft on one fan's shoulders. I finish my beer and start after them.

Back near the main square, I stop outside a cafe where there seems to be plenty of action. A Gypsy band is gathering around a group of drinking Serbs with money to burn. One man plasters denars onto the horns and sticks others to the players' heads. By way of appreciation, the trumpet blasts directly into one of his ears, the tuba in the other, snare drums rattle at his neck. The band pumps out the same exhausting rhythm, relentlessly, frenetically not letting up. The Serb has a look of rapt enjoyment on his face, then all of a sudden he throws his cash in the air, showering money on the band, who scramble around picking up stray bills. Seeing the profusion of money, a Gypsy bellydancer in a dress seen with gold dusts comes over, climbs on a chair and dances. Oriental fashion The Serb gives her money, hurls beer in the air and kisses her on the cheeks. Say what you like about the Serbs, they sure know how to party.

The kind of thing has been going on in Guča for 45 years, ever since the first festival in 1961, when someone came up with the idea of organising a small competition for local trumpet players in order to preserve the aging brass music tradition. Pretty soon, hundreds of brass bands from across Serbia were showing up to play. Winning orchestras plucked up such awards as Best Orchestra and the Golden Trumpet. This year, elimination heats held earlier in the year meant that only a few dozen bands got to compete. All the other bands arriving in Guča were there to join the party and make makeshift restaurants, or gain commissions for weddings, funerals, baptisms, christenings. In the 20s, the festival took on an added intensity with the extraordinary popularity of brass music, partly as a result of Emir Kusturica's films such as *Black Cat*, *When Did I Start*, featuring the music of Goran Bregović, which led to brass music becoming the primary music of choice for young Serbians. Gradually the word spread west, and what began as a small regional festival became an international event. At this year's festival I met Canadians, Americans, a group from Belgium and a German band named Kein Vangelis. The foreigners are many of the Serbian way of partying. And despite the profusion of national sentiment, the Serbs are incredibly welcoming to the few foreigners who make it to Guča.

The next morning I wake up early and set out on a streak of the bus station. The festival is over, street awakens are drinking as the sun rises in the town centre. I ask a local man leaving his house for denars. He takes me by the arm and together we walk through the hangover town.

The man's name is Stokoban, "the Molester," he grets. "This is Serbia Guča! The trumpet! Not the wine. Not Bosnia. Not Kosovo. Not Molester!" ☐



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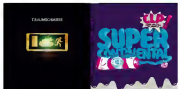
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The films and performances of

Ken Jacobs

use found footage and ambient sound to magnify the insistent clamor of everyday life. By Alan Licht



Ken Jacobs

"Listen to this," filmmaker Ken Jacobs says, gesturing around the spacious but dimly reverberant cafe we're sitting in, indicating the sounds of daily life. "Invisible." We've been talking about his predilection for ambient sound, in relation to his Nervous Magic Lanterns performances in the UK this month as part of the 50th Year Tenth Musee tour. The tour will reunite him with Eric La Casa, whose film recordings will provide accompaniment to Jacobs's two-projector, stroboscopic/phantasmagoric investigations of still images (that give the viewer the feeling of cycling an alien landscape through the lens of a pinhole camera ("abstract forces moving in space") is how Jacobs more modestly describes these visual worlds).

While he's also collaborated with experimental musicians such as Rick Reed, Tom Carr, Catherine Jarman, Jo Onda and John Zorn (who has released two Jacobs DVDs on her Tangle imprint), it seems appropriate that Jacobs has an attraction to sonic ambient, given his history of utilizing ambient film recordings of everyday street scenes, both in his 70s Nervous Magic performances, where he projected two copies of the same film on top of each other, projecting flickering, stereoscopic effects, and in his more recent digital videos, where Jacobs examines the film in multiple details through re-photographing midwith the frame-by-frame techniques also employed in the Nervous System Jones, Gift Of Fire, Nervous (Obscured) Frames, That Changed The World, uses 16mm footage of traffic on the Leeds Bridge with sounds recorded in the same bridge in 2007. It may be more accurate to consider Jacobs a purveyor of the found moving image rather than a film maker in the primary sense of the term. "I certainly have not been interested in being someone like non-Sterling, who really shapes his shots. I just want what interests me in

life on the fly, just record it. Mistaken are interesting, noises are interesting to me... the living ambient noise — very, very interesting."

Making use of found footage, home recording, and a disjunction between sound and image goes back to his early effort *Bloodie Cabins* (1958–62), which was composed of film footage of the late New York film maker Jack Smith shot by a mutual friend Bob Reischner, coupled with monologues by Smith recorded in an entirely different time. "Every so often, the image and the sound fit their hats and greet each other in passing," he laughs. Jacobs also transfers the screen image less with black liquid at certain points to let Smith's oration be appreciated without distraction. "I felt at the time that Jack's fantasies were so full of images, that another image would be a counter-image, but also I felt psychologically, it would be very corrupt, that he voice be heard in blackness — he was in a deep depression," he explains. "I think that we are weighted towards the image. The black screen allows us to refocus our sound, especially if it's not a focused sound, but an ambient sound, you want to be in that for a while, and let these things happen, and then come back to the image refreshed."

This technique parallels his use of silence in the soundtrack of the Nervous Magic Lantern video *Rhythm Is Noise* (2005), which rearranges the first episode of the original Superman radio broadcast by inserting long silences between the lines of dialogue, thus disrupting the original narrative. Even more radical is another Nervous Magic Lantern video *Insistent Clamor* (2008), which is silent until the last 30 seconds of its 22 minute duration at which point a composition by Margaret Spleen takes over. The Spleen is heard. When I ask what inspired this specific structure, his great response suggests that he thinks I already know the answer. "You're an artist,

man!" he explodes. "You get taken with something, and you say, 'I have a subconscious, I do everything it says [laughs]. I listen to it, I say OK, boss, you want a little sound at the end, you get it.'"

Further early 60s footage of Smith, and of fellow impoverished traveler Jerry Sims, is employed in Jacobs's seven hour *Star Spangled To Death* (2004), as evidence of the overwhelming disparity between the theory and practice of American society. Set gun in the late 60s and angrily envisioned as a three hour work Jacobs set it aside in the 70s due to lack of funds, and it lay dormant until his daughter Nita suggested it could be finished using digital video. An American record of epic proportions, *Star Spangled* incorporates everything from CNN coverage of a protest at the 9/11 congressional hearings to an old Hollywood short about child-nursing themselves on their ice cream on a factory tour, to a 60s TV documentary about lab experiments on monkeys which ends in its horrifying 30 minute infancy. Surely one of the supreme statements of personal cinema, it's also perhaps the ultimate expression of a conscious conscience. And even at seven hours, it's probably only the tip of the iceberg as far as Jacobs's deep-seated political beliefs go. No sooner has he set down at our table than he rambles at the just-finished Republican Convention. "I do have aesthetic concerns, but this makes everything else a nonfactor," he laments. "I feel like one of the artists in New Germany. I do."

Nonetheless, Jacobs doesn't limit his rhetoric, and *Star Spangled* is the least representative political film he's made — which goes back to his disjunctive soundtrack (initially) to use music to push the audience's buttons. In a *Gift Of Fire* extract he declares "our documentaries with their controlling

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Each month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they are about to hear. This month it's the turn of

Hal Willner

Tested by John Kruth. Photography by Michael Schmelling



Hal Willner in New York, September 2008

Before Hal Willner met his mentor, Atlantic Records professor Joel Davis, his life could have taken any number of directions. As a teenager growing up in the early '70s in Philadelphia he loved comedy and opera books with the same passion that he devoured music. "It was a combination of vaudeville, variety and comedy shows, and going to Bill Graham shows where you'd see a mix of The Who, LaBelle and The Doobie Brothers in one night," he says, explaining the forces that shaped his unique perspective on music and that ultimately led him to jawdroggingly create the genre we now take for granted as the tribute album, with his 1981 production of *American Rite Rats*, as well as the format commonly used in artist tribute shows today.

"These projects," Willner points out, "were never seen as a homage or to bow down to the artist." Instead, they are a way for his and his handpicked teams of top-notch musicians, actors and poets to interact with the chosen artist's music, keeping it alive with new and unexpected interpretations while having some fun in the meantime. Subjects that have mirrored the Willner treatment include Thalicious Monk, Kurt Vonnegut, Charles Mingus, Leonard Cohen, Neil Young, Carl Sagan, as well as music associated with Walt Disney and Harry Sachs, and, in a series of spoken word projects, the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs. He has also produced albums by Marianne Faithfull, Ray LaSalle, Bill Braxton, Gavin Friday, Laurie Anderson and others. The album he has assembled to oversee these remarkable projects ran the gamut of modern music, from John Zorn to Peter Dinklage, San Jose to Biana, New Sistas to Ringo Starr, Damsels Go to Chuck D, Keith Richards to Carlos Alazraqui, and so on.

Catching up with Willner is no easy task, as he's constantly bouncing between America's East and West coasts, juggling Hollywood soundtrack work with his day job of over three decades as music supervisor on NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. Most recently he has faired internationally with Lou Reed to oversee his production of Reed's revival of *Berlin*, and produced tribute shows in New York to Bill Withers and his dad, funeral. Joel Davis, who died suddenly in December 2007.

The Jubilee took place at the House of Knuck, Willner's play studio in Hell's Kitchen, New York, which he shares with a collection of a small puppets, dolls and exhibits of Dracula, WC Fields, Jerry Mathers, Jimmy Durante, Satin, Carol Channing and others

Yusef Lateef

"In A Little Spanish Town"

From *The Doobie Is Backed Out* (Atlantic) 1975

That's "In A Little Spanish Town" by Yusef Lateef from *The Doobie Is Backed Out*. Side two, track one. I was in the room when he cut it. It was 1975 or '76. It was an unbelievable record and I was just starting as Joel Davis's assistant. It was all Joel's idea. He had this record of "In A Little Spanish Town." Yusef just called and took an alto and played [over the top of the record] and that was that. Before the record began, Joel put on Sherlock Holmes's voice from *The Hound Of The Baskervilles*, saying, "Molton, the needle!" Joel was so innovative and a real prankster. His sense of humor was always a big part of what he did. I can hear his influence on a lot of your work, like the *Mingus* album [*Word Nightmares*].

One of the reasons he took me on was because of my love of Yusef's album *Part Of The Search* [1974]. It came out at the same time as Robinson Roland Kirk's *Presence Yourself Is Deal With A Message* and Les McCann's *Lovers*. You've got to remember how much jazz critics hated those records. Joel was talking jazz and combining it with the rhythm that recording had become, as opposed to, say, the *Alfred Lupo/Blue Note* technique. He was making *Sesame* *Mejor* *Sequit* a companion. Both Yusef and Joel were into surreal ideas. In Joel's relationship with his father, the word "leo" just didn't exist. I thought this was the way the world was but unfortunately I was witnessing the end of an era. I was really fortunate to have been there.

Robert Wyatt

"Born Again Cryin'"

From *Meat On Canoe* (Go! Disc) 1999

I've never heard this. Not that I remember. It can't be Bobby McFerrin. David Garland? It's very innovative. Oh, it's Robert Wyatt. Beautiful. It sounds like what Les Robinson used to call a "brasserie," when you turn your foot into a wash with trumpet. I never heard him do this. Another man I love. Robert Wyatt was a great adult discovery for me. I'd been spending a lot of time in Woodstock and Carlos Eloy had just finished the Nick Mason record [*Victorious Sports*, 1979] with the great saxophone player Gerry Windo and Robert Wyatt doing most of the lead vocals. Anything Robert Wyatt does is well worth listening to. He just does it, there's no filler. He knows his mind and what covers out. There are artists who do that and are not afraid to fail. We're just beginning to learn that some artists do their best work after 40 or 50 years. His records *Cuckoo* and *Ships* are masterpieces. He also collected the magic of Kate Mantelero, who I love. I'd love to work with Robert Wyatt.

Steve Lacy & Brian Glynn

"Blair Brown"

From *Shades* (Mercury) 1999

The homi player sounds like Robinson [Roland Kirk] but it's not. Oh, that's Irene [Lacy] and Steve [Lacy]. What record is it?

It's "Blair Brown" with lyrics by Brian Glynn from

their album *Shades*

I first heard Steve when I moved to New York and I thought it's always going to be like this, with all the great jazz spaces that were around at the time, like *Al's Alley*. I went to see Steve and it was the first time I heard anyone play solo saxophone like that. When I made my first recording of *King Koko* music [*Amoroso*], I don't know how people like Steve and Bill Syder ever came in my mind. They were good choices but it was not very calculated. I went to Europe and recorded Steve. He came in the studio and said, "OK, here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna play a tune." He played two takes and that was it. He wasn't going to do it anymore, because he had a concept that night I got a little scared. It wasn't quite what I imagined. You put an artist in a framework and you have an idea where it's going to go, but then he went off on a tangent. It was my very first record. I wasn't sure what to think. I took it back to New York and played it for Carlos [Eloy], who freaked out. She was doing "Oh" and was very vocal about it. In the end I wound up combining the two takes and put a going underneath it. Even now I drive the truck. You've worked quite a bit with Allen Ginsberg and William S. Burroughs. Did you ever cross paths with Simon Yon?

No. I walked into that world later.

John Lennon & Yoko Ono

"Cambridge 1967"

From *Shades* (Mercury) 1999

[Laughs to cover along] I could actually sing along with this for the first ten minutes when I was a kid. I never played it for anyone. For me it was a solitary record. But man, was it innovative. Oh, just that fucked people's minds. It has a quality that I love. They don't give a shit what anyone thinks. Do you remember the back of the record quoted George Martin saying, "No Comment?" Yeah. I loved The Beatles early on, but with Rubber Soul, *Revolver* and *Pepper*... um, I don't know. Then they came back full force with *The White Album*. Whatever magic they had in the early years seemed to dissipate, but there was a real feeling and energy to *Two Virgins*, *Life With The Lions* and *The Working Album* that culminated in the Plastic Ono Band records. I've always thought of John's *Plastic Ono* *Album* as the greatest record of all time. As far as an artist record goes, there is nothing like it. There's also some stuff on *Somebody In New York City* that's really strong, although their relationship with reality at the time wasn't what I would call great. But she's so strong. She made that record [*Season Of Glass*] immediately after his death. Yoko is absolutely fearless. She put his glasses on the cover.

[And Yusef's agent, gmail.com] I loved a lot of [the Beatles'] early solo stuff, like *George Harrison's Wonderwall*, which I sampled and looped and used all over *Word Nightmares*. *Wonderwall* was the soundtrack to my first experience with LSD.

John Zorn
"The Battle Of Algiers"

From *The Big Bad Wolf* (Delos Musicco) 1984
Ah, "The Battle Of Algiers." The Big Bad Wolf was important to a lot of people. I was incredibly lucky to have run into John Zorn in the 70s and been able to work with him later. At that time he was very punk/avant-garde. He's another guy that's fearless. He was and always is very passionate about whatever he's into. He opened the Moroccan show at the Brooklyn Academy with "The Battle Of Algiers." That was a memorable concert. Really powerful. It'd made quite a few records by the time I did the Monk record ("That's The Way? Real Show, which included Zorn's take on "Shuffle Boi"). I think that was his first appearance on a major label (A&M) and it exposed a lot of people to his work who bought the album because of Sting or Donald Fagen being on it. It turned a lot of heads. And he put-ups on the Kart Wall record (Billie's Last In The Stars), to see that first time. I mean, it had got the energy. I got to put John on *Night Music* (Wfmr and John Head's musical variety TV show with David Sanborn) with Mingo, Aaron Neville, Manuella (Palmist) and John Sebastian. And everybody was watching each other. Watching Zorn bend with Aaron Neville backstage really moved me. That's what I enjoy the most, seeing something up and watching it click from behind the scenes. No label. Tradik, is great. You can buy anything in it.

Lou Reed

"The Blue Mask"
From *Blue Mask* (Globe) 1982
"The Blue Mask." What can I say? That band had an amazing sound. What a combination! Lou on one side, Ray Quine on the other and Fernando Saunders in the middle. People really loved Quine, for whatever reason, while Quine (Hobbes Lou's guitar playing). He thought he was the best and was very vocal about it. It was an amazing record for Lou. He was going through a lot of changes at the time. That record, with the small band for me, had the same kind of excitement I got from The Velvet's records. I met Lou right after that, when I produced "Septs after Song" for the Kart Wall record. Working worked with Lou. I understand how important his guitar sound is to him and how hard he works at getting it. Once you get into that meditative, between the difference in tone in three pickups and this guitar through that amp or that guitar with this amp, it's pretty amazing. When you work with Lou, you're really listening. There's so fed if you're there, you're doing something. He's not afraid if someone else comes up with an idea. If he likes it, that's fine. He's very generous. But the Blue Mask for me is incredible. I'm not the most professional producer. Any artist I work successfully with becomes a friend from me like Marianne (Jeffrey). I've gone on a few tours with Lou doing Berlin.

What do you do when you're on the road with Lou? With Berlin there's a lot to look after. There's a 24 piece children's choir, the band has two basses and three guitars. You've got four horns, three strings,

"Each record got more and more wild, culminating in the Disney project. I felt like Cecil B DeMille. I was out of my mind. And Weird Nightmare got more insane and it was time to stop"

plus vocals. And he's playing every type of theatre, amphitheatre and stadium in Europe. From the Royal Albert Hall to open houses. Not all of them are the best sound venues. So I'm watching over things while, like any producer, I try and make the artists comfortable.

James 'Blood' Hunter
"Church"

From *Deliver* (Columbia) 1984
I don't know the song but I know it's Blood Hunter instantly. He's just a monster. I was lucky to have seen him early on in 78 or 79 when he was into quite different scenes. But I didn't know him. He was singing a lot at the time.

Then it's "Church" from *Deliver*, with Charlie Sheen on video.

For a few years I was doing multi-artist shows for the Creation/Concord at Prospect Park in Brooklyn, New York. We did Leonard Cohen and then I chose Neil Young, largely as an excuse to study his music. I often use subject matters that I'm not that familiar with so I have an excuse to dive into their material. Blood just seemed like a natural for this material. He played the hell out of "Fuckin' Up." His playing has the kind of power that gives you shivers. Everything you want from music is there. All the beauty of jazz, the power of the best rock 'n' roll and punk, and that night it was happening. Both James and Charlie played at the St. Mark's show last summer. What can I say about Blood other than I wish he was more recognized. I'm sure that he will be. You put him in front of a crowd of Neil Young fans and their jaws drop. That was a brilliant move.

But it wasn't. I think it was obvious. I have very low self-esteem but I do have the best taste in the world (laughs).

Lord Buckley
"Bad Rapping Of the Marquis De Sade"

From *Bad Rapping Of the Marquis De Sade* (New World) 1980
(Interjects) That's "The Marquis De Sade" by Lord Buckley. Initially I was a Lemmy Bruce guy but then like everyone else, I heard the 199 "The Marquis" I have all of his records and far years they meant a great deal to me. How do you ever see the tape of him with Groucho Marx? You can't tell when you watch it that Buckley was

told to take passes so Groucho could make comments. What a talent. He inserted this persona that was amazing and you know he was like that offstage too. When you did the Marquis de Sade event years ago at (New York's) St. Mark's Church, was Buckley the inspiration behind it?

I was on the board of the St. Mark's Poetry Project at the time. They actually had some trust in me. I can't actually remember the inspiration other than it was an excuse to read it. It reads so well out loud, especially on subjects like religion and the way he viewed women. You had mostly women in the show, as I recall. Chae Webb read a piece about a priest seducing a young girl. And there was Lily Taylor, Karen Member. Nearly all the music that went underneath was improvised. The show would have used a little editing. We most of my show, but the problem is that, you put these things together and you don't know what it is because the run-through is the performance. But a certain magic happens when you do these things. A few shows like the Edgar Allan Poe and Leonard Cohen show I've done a few times but it gets a little less sleek and less dangerous. I don't like to retweak everything. As Dr. John would say, it's what it is. But I'd love to do that show again.

Charles Mingus
"Solo Dancer"

From *The Black Saint And The Sinner Lady* (Polygram) 1963
That's Mingus, of course. One thing about doing these projects is that I tend not to listen to the artist's music again for a long time. The Mingus record (*Weird Nightmare*) was the last multi-artist concept album I did of my own conception. All the rest have been jobs for hire. At that point I think the tribute album thing had gotten out of control. I never want to make tribute records. I didn't start it. There were some charity records, the Neil Young project for The Bridge, which had all alternative bands, and John Carlin did the Cole Porter album for AIDS (*Red Hot And Blue*), which was all superstar. It was a natural thing to happen. It was like everybody, with different people doing different tracks. When I started with the Winsa Rota record, I got Debbie Harry and Chris Stein sent to Jake Sykes and Curtis (Sling). It got attention in the mainstream press and it built from there. Each record got more and more wild, culminating in the Disney project (*Play Ankers*). I felt like Cecil B DeMille. I was out of my mind. And this one (*Weird Nightmare*) just got more and more insane and it was time to stop. How did you match up performing Mingus's music on Barry Parich's instruments?

I don't know. I was listening to a lot of Mingus as well as a lot of 1940s records and early Norah Petch recordings of monkey chants and I'd returned to Mendelsohn and the soundtrack to *Starman* and somehow it all seemed related. Then one day Francis (Freeman Thomas) took me to a Parich concert. The instruments, from their names, like cloud chamber bowls, to the sound of those which were basically mutations of normal instruments, were amazing. So I asked if we could use them and somehow we got permission. We did the album over a week and we

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hired people like Don Alias, who climbed up on a ladder in order to play the bass maracas, and Bill Frisell and Michael Silver and Greg Cohen.

You made that album in a week?

Pretty much, except for the two sessions we did with Bobby Previte, Keith Richards and Charlie Watts. Meanwhile people like Vernon Reid, Robert Quine and Diva [Corville] were all stopping by. It was an amazing time. I was able to pull people in to make these records, coming fresh out of *Right Mind* and having made the earlier records. We had Leonard Cohen with Desmond Sells on the same track. I placed it all together like a map. And once again, at the time it was not an appreciated record [laughs]. Years later it seems that people love it. It found a cult. I still get calls and people write about it and it's still in print. There's something magical about that record, the way it sounds.

Tom Waits (with William S. Burroughs)

"'Fakin' Nothin'"

Tom Waits (with Rick Rubin) 1993

The Black Rider Where do I start? I've been very fortunate to have worked with Robert Wilson a few times. I've known Tom for over 20 years and we've worked together. There's [basically] Greg Cohen who arranged a lot of the stuff. And William Burroughs, who I did three records with. I had nothing to do with it, but I knew about *The Black Rider*. I was down at Burroughs's house in Lawrence, Kansas and heard about it and saw a few pictures. And Tom told me, "Yeah, he's scary" [laughs]. I saw William's original text, most of which wasn't used because Wilson doesn't like a lot of text, and I had a few of the scenes beforehand. I remember the premiere at the Thalia Theatre one spring night. Tom and Greg had requested a lot of carnival music. It was so loud and so exciting it almost blew you out of the theatre. I felt like I was in a Tex Avery cartoon. It was magical. It was very lucky to have met Tom when he moved to New York in 84 or 85, when he did *Rain Dogs*. I was just starting the Kurt Weill record at the time and was trying to find him. Meanwhile Doc Pomus told Tom to call me because [Tom] was looking for musicians. So it was just the strangest thing. And we recorded [*Brecht & Weill* at *"What's Your Manhood Alike?"*] What he had done starting with *Swingtime* Broadway was actually invented a new type of music and recording technique. How many people since have made records that sound like *Tom Waits* records? He's influenced basic record making, whether it's PJ Harvey or Beck. Let alone that. What is among the top three greatest living songwriters, if not higher. Beyond that, it's this sound that he creates and I don't know what it is. I got to see a little bit of that. Working with him. He uses real solo characters, with animals running in the room. How did you wind up working with Burroughs and what was that like?

Allen [Zimberg], once he entered a godaliation, he brought his people in. Since we made this record with Allen [*The Last For Real*] for Island, he said, "Why don't you record William?" I was like, "Oh, really?" I did worked with William for a few hours in *Seabright* Right



Lee, the year that Michael O'Donoghue and Terry Southern were there [1961]. They brought him on the show and Lauren Hutton introduced him. He read from *Naked Lunch*. It was really wild. I had put the "Star Spangled Banner" behind his reading of "Twilight's Last Gleaming". With all the smart gardeners and people using electronics, it's amazing how great he sounded with a real orchestra behind him. He was an American writer, a dark American writer but so true like a poet. Why don't we approach it like he's a Mark Twain? Put Aaron Copland behind him. Why be weird? So we got all these old recordings from The NBC Orchestra and recorded him reading in his living room. I was just hanging with William these days [1987], capturing conversations at dinner, having him do an old radio show and read from the Bible. Times inane. Lucio Pickett wrote some Bob Dylan-type music which we used underneath him reading the *Serenade* on the Mount. And we used old samples of The NBC Orchestra and

had Sam Young, Donald Fagen and John Cale add little touches. Even though it was all loose, I always need to start with a solid idea. The first night I got to really hang out with him, of course I tried to keep a griff with him and we did a lot of drinking. He liked Coca-Cola mixed with vodka. You don't really taste the vodka and it hits you like a ton of bricks. He was talking about Sandy Dinkley and Marlene Dietrich and started to sing "Falling in Love Again" in German. I said, "Will you sing that on the record?" He said yes, that was the beginning of the record [*Dead City Radio*, 1990]. In general people got it. There were a few overly arty avant types that hated it, which wasn't I did the right thing. But I don't like getting that reaction. I really want people to like this stuff. I just like to expose people to the same journey I'm on. So now what? I'm just sitting here in my studio, with all the memories from my childhood. May that be a lesson to you all! ☐



Machine Seed: Dick Raaijmakers today (above) and as Karl Marx in the late 1960s (right)

As well as being The Netherlands' leading electronic composer,

Dick Raaijmakers

is a sonic theorist equally at home in the laboratory and the theatre. His unique approach to sound displays an aesthetic that draws on technological know-how, anti-commodification and the force of gravity. By Brian Morton

"This is not performance: this is Kasper Hauser. He wanted the apples to go back on the tree, too." Dick Raaijmakers can be grim, but more often speaks with devastating simplicity and precision. Here's the bad news: "Every effort to integrate art and technology like in the 60s, is doomed to fail. Their interests and their operations are irreconcilable."

At 78, Raaijmakers is the founding father of Dutch electronic music, a pioneer of music theatre and a cultural theorist of extraordinary range and perception, drawing heavily on the 19th-century French physiologist Jules-Étienne Marey (inventor of chronophotography, he showed how a cat always managed to land on its feet); he also wrote for *Metaphor Graphics*. This month at the Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival, Raaijmakers's *De Grafische Methode/Fiets* (or *The Graphic Method/Bicycle*) is being realised in performance.

Conceived in 1978, the piece consists of a man on a bicycle moving very slowly some 30 feet along a mechanical cable, while simultaneously being lifted equally slowly into the air. All the sounds associated with stress positions – straining muscles, breathlessness, raised heartbeat – are captured by sensors and simultaneously broadcast in the room. "The aim is to enlarge the human body to supernatural size." Even so, this is a relatively small-scale piece by Raaijmakers; certainly no comparison with his extraordinarily dramatic 1995 theatre piece *De Val Van Mussolini* (*The Fall Of Mussolini*), but in every way it is typical of his aesthetic philosophy. The 'material' – mechanics, the bicycle – may seem quintessentially Dutch, but the inspiration again comes from Marx, who in the research for *The Graphic Method* discovered that the technical singularity of the bicycle provided the perfect context for study of living movement and for an exploration of the relationship between work (as a physicist rather than an economist might define work) and its product.

Raaijmakers sketches the actual emphasis in 20th-century art by performing what he describes as "reversal operations" on the "imaging machines" that allow us to explore our environment and our selves. At some level, he is rather less of a modernist and rather more of a romantic. His resistance to the idea of art as commodity was developed at a time when American Pop Art, with its blurring of the lines between art and commerce, and the recording industry, in which he had his long technical apprenticeship, seemed to be starting something very different. "The fundamental difference between art and ideology is that art results in unique objects composed of materials of little value – canvas, paint, etching paper, ink. Science, on the other hand, and especially technology, results in large numbers of very useful items, very hard, very consistent and very valuable, completely identical products. Art leads to this one unique, irreplaceable product that you cannot get, however passionately you try to obtain it at auction."

Raaijmakers's background is relatively conventional, though the CV is hardly a standard one. Born in 1936, he studied piano at the Royal Conservatoire in The

The

Itague (hence early work like *Phonoforte*, 1990). After graduating, he joined Royal Philips Electronics in Eindhoven, a company founded, intriguingly by a cousin of Karl Marx and later responsible for introducing the cassette and the compact disc. During the Second World War, Philips was accused of collaboration after supplying radio equipment and other electrical components to the Wehrmacht. However, it is clear that certain Philips executives were involved with the Dutch underground and helped rescue many Jews and other groups who would otherwise have been interned and liquidated. At the 1958 Expo in Brussels, the Philips Pavilion, designed by Le Corbusier and Tamesi, was the setting for Edgar Varèse's *Poème Électronique*.

Abandoning his original plan to become a pianist and piano teacher, Raaijmakers joined the company, hoping to work as a *Tonewaarde*: basically someone who checks audio equipment for the market, simply by listening. "I worked on the line for two years, because I had no alternative to unskilled labour. At a quarter past seven I would start work in a freezing cold assembly hall, together with men and women who were brought in from various villages in Belgium. I was glad I did not miss that contact with workers and with harsh reality. I got my diploma as a 'radio technician' and began studying higher acoustics, acoustics and electrotechnology. I was inspired by the gramophone, the microphone, loudspeakers, recording technique, and I studied it all and it turned out to be the gasoline that made me to go further, and start to work artistically."

His earliest creative efforts resulted in the first electronic pop music to be heard in the Netherlands, released under the name *Kid Babbie*. "Eventually I ended up in the acoustics department of the Physics Laboratory in the world of stereophony, stereophones and artificial reverberation. Via the technical engineer Roelof Verbeul, a pioneer authority in stereophony and artificial reverberation, I came across another possibility for combining electronics and music: electronic music. He just mentioned the term some day. A few years later, he asked me to explore the possibility of mixing popular music with the electronic equipment he had developed. In 1967, this led to [the Kid Babbie LP] *Song Of The Second Moon*, produced with a modified Ondes Martenot and a few audio and measuring generators that were connected by some cutting and pasting of pieces of tape. The piece was finished right at the time the Russians launched Sputnik, which explains the title: the second moon was now a fact."

For Raaijmakers, research and creativity were now a single, inseparable process. His lifelong mission to "research, reduce and educate" was significantly reinforced by a reading of Mary's work, but also by the ability to work in a scientific and technical laboratory that had a direct relationship with "art" through Philips's phonographic division. "For a company like Philips – a supplier of reproducible sound – it is not a bad idea to do research at a laboratory level into the extent to which sounds can be synthesized in a compositional way without

the intervention of live musicians. A laboratory like Philips is equipped to do just that: without the need for a live in-house orchestra. If a different for the world of pop music, though, pop music has a use for new sounds produced by artificial musicians. Look at the present situation: we can hardly distinguish between live music and what has been produced by studios crammed with electronic equipment."

After a period as a research staffer at the University of Delft, Raaijmakers set up an electronic music studio in the Itague in collaboration with Jan Boers and ran it for three years, between 1963 and 1966, before returning to the Royal Conservatory as a teacher of electronic and contemporary music, and also in the few years before his retirement in 1990, in the Conservatory's pioneering stage and sound interactivity. Works like *Ping-pong* (1963–66) exist as art installations, theatre events and music. For Raaijmakers, the boundaries between these disciplines are effectively meaningless.

Early Raaijmakers work included *Rules of Listening* (1967), which also exists in a version for loudspeakers, the politically charged pieces of the 70s, including a sequence inspired by Mao, and the more quietistic and modulated pieces of recent years that draw on his expanding understanding of sound as unique and irrefutable.

"Work", as opposed to "world", has always been Raaijmakers's keyword. He strives to make ideas concrete, universal and as simple as possible. "What I find fascinating is that the last century was full of inventions. There were millions of them. Most of them got selected out after a while, as with the typewriter, and are full of unnecessary parts, like the typewriter. This process of invention and selection is ever new. We don't do inventions any more. The 21st century about communication, interaction, visualisation. I'm not fascinated by that, but what does fascinate me is the way in which that can be developed, say, the internet. One cannot make this elementary, but just by one can find new forms of communication, not just by language and images. New forms – not better forms, but different ones. I think the 21st century will be far more difficult than the 20th."

While other artists talk about the fall, you expect either the poetry of autumn, or if so something about the epistle on Iran. Even with Raaijmakers, it is simply the process of gravity that makes an object or animal descend. "Everybody knows what falling is. But as a model it makes clear how one can reduce every form of sound to some form of falling. And from this reduction, this research in which I try to find the most elementary level of a phenomenon, I then make theatre for a group of people. The audience always expects that they will get something decent, but they get something as simple as that: it's nearly idyllic." □ The *Graphic Method* by Raaijmakers is presented this month at the Huiders' and Contemporary Music Festival alongside an exhibition of Raaijmakers's work: *One Out There Again*. Mader's *Disk Raaijmakers: A Monograph (V2)* is published in a new English translation this month. Thanks to Mader for help with this article.



fall

guy

The tracks produced by Swiss Techno architect

Luciano

are the latest attempts to inject some organic warmth into electronic music's synthetic heart.

By Derek Walmsley. Photography by Lena Amuat

The boy in

"Producing, you're alone in the studio. It's like you're facing yourself. It's like research about what's really fascinating to you. That's the idea about isolation, because you come to the point where it's really yourself."

If contemporary Techno is a pleasure machine of sorts, Lucien Nicot is one of its main cogs, a DJ, producer and label boss who has helped forge some of the boldest 4/4 electronic music of recent years. He seems determined to encapsulate himself from the dependent-kind repetition of the production line; however. Today, he would rather talk about his solitary production work than the social obligations of a gigging DJ. Rather than the continual grind of producing tracks for the dancefloor, Luciano's Techno is composed in contrastingly calm solitude. In a studio at his house in Switzerland, it's as if he's studied the dynamics of a river and is trying to reproduce them, in a baby, Brownian motion of textures and details, from the comfort of his own home.

Techno used to be a cottage industry: an underground economy with DJs, producers and labels all working in close proximity to the action. Like many elements of modern life, it has now become distanced into an international business. The global electronic


network descent of by Techno evangelists such as The Black Dog and Future Sound Of London in the 1990s, where musicians might collaborate and create in cyberpods, has largely been superseded by the phenomenon of plane-hopping DJs crisscrossing the globe to appear at large, elite social rows. Spending as much time in transit between airport, hotel and DJ booths virtually a form of mobile isolation, and in this context, perhaps it's not surprising that the rejection for Luciano's music is partly inward. Historically one of dance music's most powerful functions is its ability to break down boundaries, whether social, sexual or massed. But Luciano is keen to politely maintain them: his music has own personal realm, an insulated bubble in which he, as producer, is king.

The interview takes place in Barcelona in June during the hubbub of the city's Sonar festival. Luciano has brought his bubble-state of calm with him. He stays in a cool, stylish hotel away from the city centre, with his family and label associates in tow, his wife even brings her freshly peeled fruit while we talk. He lives something of a double life. As a DJ blurring the lines between Techno and House, he is undeniably a

populist, whose calendar includes dates servicing the underground masses who descend on Ibiza every year. Meanwhile, his productions and those on his Cadizca label are perhaps the boldest and most self-consciously arty dance music since the heyday of Derrick May. He remains committed to his day job, but is precise about where his long-term artistic objectives lie. "DJing is a job you do during a certain time of your life. Producing is something you do until you die."

The hotel's interior – its asymmetric furniture, soft angles and muted hues – matches the broad sound palette of Luciano's music, where malleable synthetic textures, a cosmic and found sounds are all intertwined. There's a Saudi building on the corner of the same block, and he's effusive about the architectural surroundings. "Death and tiny squares along the pavement in Barcelona, at regular intervals, getting bigger each time. By the time you get outside the city they're huge." Luciano's music aims at a similar kind of designer's eye. "When I do an album, I do 40 tracks, and out of this there are only five or six tracks that have the same grain," he says. "At the end of doing a track, the mass, the waveform..." "The envelope," he suggests, partner suddenly drops a "... when it's finished you see a graphical design."

the bubble



promoting a long-sleeved mix for the Fabric label, but is ambivalent about the process. "Making mix CDs... I don't really like it, but it's exactly the converse of what is going," he muses. "Doing, the way you choose the music is related to the people, the club, the moment, the genre etc. When you do a mix CD, you have to have a playlist first. It's artificial. And in the moment it becomes artificial, it becomes a performance. And you start to lose the essence of the present."

Despite the precision, Luciano is anything but pretentious. In conversation he's boundlessly enthusiastic, referencing everything from West African guitar music to jazz as an inspiration for his work. His music, and that of his label, is not by any standards minimal — it's too dense, teeming and organic. His natural inclination is inclusive, and he talks endlessly of working with other artists and instrumentation. "Electronic music is the base, but on this base you have to add things," he states.

The eclecticism feels back to Luciano's upbringing. Unlike producers from Techno codes (such as Detroit or Berlin), there was never a single city or milieu that provided aspiration for his music. Instead, his multicultural roots bring a milestream, cinematic sweep to his work. He grew up in a small village in Switzerland, but just before he became a teenager his family moved to Santiago, Chile, where they would remain for the next two years. To help make his thoughts of freedom, his mother bought him a guitar, perhaps convinced that her son would be shaken by the switch from rural idyll to a poor neighbourhood in a bustling metropolis. "Folk music was always present in my life," he adds. "My father used to fix jukeboxes. We had three, four jukeboxes at home, and we used to go to the basement and play records."

These experiences underscored an underlying melancholy to his music. Tracks like "Father," with Thomas Meltcher, and the bewitching passages of the *No Model No Soul* double CD, are electronic laments. "The idea of the track is exactly when I used to go to the disco when I was 14, and suddenly they took it down and put a slow track on. And you'd have to look for a girl, she says no, and you're alone. The arrangement is like a story, and the break brings the refrain, the refrain is another story."

"In South American music, it's always about a very sad story," he continues. "Musicians, they talk about when they used to be a kid, they used to go to school and see one guy with the golden teeth, walking around with something weird in his pocket which you don't know what it is. This one story becomes like a hymn, something which everyone agrees, everyone has lived this moment. It's this that I try and represent, to transfer it to electronic music."

Despite spending most of dance music's summer season in land-hugging between gigs, he claims to still represent these roots. "The music which vibrates in us is from the very old culture. It's not music made out of money. It comes from the ground, from the poor people, the traditions." Like Ricardo Villalobos, he uses stretches of folk melodies and

vocals in his mixes. At an exuberant DJ gig just the state night, held at a velodrome on the outskirts of Barcelona, Felix de Gopeillo's soul pleasure like out of a densely crowded mix. Luciano is evidently proud of his multicultural roots, but in this context, playing to a hedonistic party crowd, the early authenticity of such elements can seem an awkward attempt to grasp for a deeper "reality" outside the temporary pleasures of the now.

In another sense, however, Luciano's music really does come from the ground. Found materials, random noise and acoustic instrumentation are all key to his music, giving it a dense extremity. His inspiration was German electronic producer Riton Heart, an enduring influence on Chilean dance musicians since his relocation to Santiago in the mid-80s. "After Riton's *Sakanote*, he is for me the genius," he declares. "He was doing this music out of nothing. He was creating the best music out of just this [his table], he was taking the sound, sampling it with his microphone, and stretching it to 'vvvvvvvvvv'. And out of these sounds, he was creating an album. We were waiting this guy, out of a telephone talking on the ground, he was making an album. It's just a matter of hearing, it's unbelievable."

This stance approach to music making extends to his DJing, where he often employs multiple decks, laptops, effects and loop generators. He has set just two tracks in his mix, but as many as five per set, creating multiple pathways down which the music can travel. Paralleling the actions in music editing software, DJ tools such as Riton's *Loop* encourage an approach which is anything but minimalist in nature, where any conceivable sound or pattern can be inserted into the rhythmic matrix on the fly. Luciano's *No Model No Soul* vinyl series, where the building blocks of beats, melodies and textures are presented in isolation, are part of this mix and match mentality. "[No Model No Soul] was to tell the young DJs there is not only one way to play records, you can think of the record as an instrument. Normally one record is the track, but the idea is you create your own records," he explains. "The idea comes from [the UK's] *Instalates*. My favourite label ever is *Instal*. They used to have a lot of [DJ] tools, analogue sequences, and together they are a catalogue of music."

If *No Model No Soul* and *Found* sounds are Luciano's building blocks, his finished tracks are like his dazzling edifices of electronic architecture. Extending for up to 15 minutes at a time, countless sonic themes interweave and bifurcate over their duration. The length and breadth of each track suggests a kind of total artwork for dance music, an ambitious attempt to knit every strand of electronic plots are together into one track. If this is where Luciano's natural inclination lies, then it's an area rarely explored place to be.

Released on Ondine, are presented like art objects. The covers are a pristine white except for sculいた hard organic designs, created by his sister, which sprawl languidly around the edges of the covers. With better effort Techno, you usually expect the tracks to

Most dance producers these days work with powerful software like ProTools, where the raw sound data can be filtered, moulded and shaped at instant. Slightly perversely, the huge leaps in computer processing power over the last few years have made Techno sound less technological, the bewitching array of sound filters available to producers allowing them to smooth the ones and zeroes of the digital realm into elegant, organic contours. As with Ricardo Villalobos and Richie Huxton, Luciano's Techno is an essentially plastic artifice. When the sounds are this malleable, the music becomes sculptable: you could be listening to the chatter of microscopic insects, or the sounds of beaming planets. "In the studio I'm always trying to find a way to bring focus, to not close things down into really cold electronic machine music, to get to a level where the music can be supreme, you know, creating another space," he explains. "It's not all boom boom boom, suffering the basic stuff, the kickdrum, hi-hat and stuff like that, because the background, and the background becomes the front end. So you start to pay attention to things that you don't usually, and that's where the music starts to play tricks on you, where your mind starts to play tricks in you." Time can seem to stretch, too — the beats tick along at a steady bpm while a freemove melody meanders along at the stately pace of a skeletal owl's vocal.

The slower you listen to tracks such as "Montana", "Seulitude" or his remix of Digiphenix's "Rhapsody", the more details appear like following a fractal design. "What I've learnt is that each time I work one track, you think as an instrument and slowly you build up something, instead of being from a one-loop idea, from one loop I try to develop a whole track, with one totally different way of working." There is usually a 4/4 pulse, but the propulsive rhythms of the 306 or 300 bass drums that kickstarted House and Techno are like a prehistoric memory, the textures are plastic-like, stranding into gothic, animal shapes.

This attention to detail makes his discursive of each track so — yet commercially demanded — activities as producing mix CDs. He has been

"In the studio I'm trying to find a way to bring focus, to not close things down into cold electronic machine music, to get to a level where the music can be supreme, creating another space"



belting in pared-down, ultra-tense fashions on a single label. Each track on a Eadada release is presented with its elegant calligraphic title on its own separate side of vinyl, as if they need the space to breathe. "[Cadenas] are interested in someone that has a representation of a sound in their own head, so the guy can give you 20 tracks, and they have have their own bubble. We are just bringing people with their own bubble to the music." Eadada producers such as Petre Inap rasu and Rhodas, both Romanians whose expensive productions have been granted double 12" releases on the label, certainly carve out their own distinctive headspace. Rhodas's "Smeebe All Right" uses melodic lines as lazy as clouds on a summer's day, sloping the passage of time down to a narcotic drift. "Blossom" by Petre Iasprescu at its multi-textured it feels like bouncing between the plastic balls in a child's playpen.

Lucenzo's reference to bubbles and isolation are troubling, though. It suggests a purely aesthetic attitude something that the more obviously precise brands of Minimal Techno share. You wonder whether Lucenzo, with his studio situated in the relative isolation of neutral Switzerland, lives somewhat in his own world.

If so, it's nonetheless an incredibly fertile zone, and has remained so for several years. While most electronic styles tend to have a finite life cycle of growth, maturity and subsequent decline, the cross breed of House/Techno that Lucenzo works with seems to simply absorb other genres. – Latin, modern classical – and keep evolving indefinitely. The death knell for a dance genre is when it calcifies, becomes rigid. Lucenzo's works so feeling and organic, it just seems to regenerate itself. It's as if the music itself is a living and breathing creature, consuming and regaining itself. If his work exists in a bubble, it's one akin to an eco-dome where all forms of exotic life flourish in a carefully cultivated climate.

Discussing his future work, the emphasis is on accentuating these living, breathing characteristics. Fatherhood has introduced another dimension into his work, and he has produced low-key tracks featuring his daughter's vocals. "For me the music is not about dark things, for me it's... spiritual. My vision of music is this, daytime parties," he says. "I'm not attracted that much to very dark holes." The next project he is overseeing on Eadada is called Los Utopistas, and attempts to introduce song based elements into the organic Techno the label has made its own. The multi-member project has a personal connection, involving musicians from Chile such as Loretto Otero and writer/singer Jorge González.

Introducing vocals and 'real' musicianship into electrotronica is always a risky business. Nevertheless, bringing lushness into the sterile habitat of Techno is an impressive achievement in its own right, like shining green shoots forcing their way through a concrete pavement. When I ask him how far removed his music now sounds from the realm of the machine, he nods enthusiastically. "It sounds like a human."

□ Lucenzo's Fabre 42 mix CD is out now on Fabre

Turning

This year's model: Anthony Braxton circa 1974



In 1974, when saxophonist and composer

Anthony Braxton

signed an unprecedented recording deal with Arista Records, one of America's most radical and uncompromising jazz musicians suddenly had a host of new champions in big business and the media. Bill Shoemaker recounts the highs and lows of Braxton's major label tenure, from the handshake with Clive Davis to the doldrums of the early '80s

out

In retrospect: the signing of Anthony Braxton to Olive Davis's Arista Records in 1974 can be seen either as a supreme example of artistic/success madness. Yet the reality is that, given the booming record market of the mid-70s, it was a well-timed, market-savvy signing that was largely profitable for all concerned. Subsequently, the stereotypical narrative of Braxton's eight-year tenure with the label—a visionary artist typed but ultimately thwarted by corporate kingpins—ignores the facts, and fails to place events in the historical context of a severely contracting US record industry in the late 70s and early 80s. Still, the mere effacement of Braxton released on Arista comprises a crucial body of work, which has been made even more legendary by its fragmentary representation on CD to date. The release of *The Complete Arista Recordings Of Anthony Braxton*, an eight CD box set, will reignite debate about the music, the times and the improbability of Braxton's celebrity.

Certainly, Anthony Braxton and Olive Davis were one of the oddest couples in US second industry history. Davis was then in the process of building his second industry empire. Previously, during his reign as head of Columbia Records, the label signed rock icons such as Janis Joplin, Carlos Santana and Miles Davis. When Davis's jazz roster included Miles Davis, Weather Report and The Mahavishnu Orchestra. Allegedly, that Davis was guaranteed hundreds of thousands of dollars—not to mention the tales of drug-fueled sessions and other successes—led to his seeking, but he quickly rebounded. Canceling several record companies in Columbia's Peacock portfolio into debt. Davis was rapping up for the label's slouch, signing the kind of enigmatic artists whose insights would provide the cashflow for a full-spectrum label.

A musician like Braxton could not have been further off Davis's radar. Although he was already an occasional lightning rod in the US jazz press, he was essentially hard-to-find, arriving in Paris as part of the 1969 exodus of musicians associated with Chicago's AACM with only a few dollars. He was gaining wider exposure with Coltrane's core quartet that included Miles Davis alumni Chuck Corea and Dave Holland, but Davis's decision to break up the group

in 1971 to pursue a Scientology-staked, commercially viable music left Braxton stranded in Los Angeles for months. Braxton's circumstances stabilized after returning to Paris, allowing him to split his time between performing and recording, composing for a widening spectrum of instrumentation, and writing essays on African-American creative dynamics that would become the basis for his self-published, three-volume *Fractalus Whirlogs* (1988).

Although the image of Braxton as the spectated chess playing, pipe-smoking intellectual jelled on the cover of France's *Jazz Hot* magazine in April 1972, showed like Coltrane's *Planet Swing* (ECM) and Braxton's own *Domus One* (America) began seeping into the US, presenting Braxton not only as a starkly original composer but, as an able synthesist who interpreted the jazz canon with a fresh, bristling energy. In late 1972 and '73, Braxton also required playing short occasional trips to the US for recording projects, such as Dave Holland's minor classic, *Convergence Of The Sirens* (TCM), and important concerts at New York's Town Hall and Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. The lasting significance of his activities through early '74 was that they reframed the genre's definition of Braxton's music. Buzz-killing words like "academic" and "classical" peppered jazz magazine reviews of Braxton's 1968 Debutant debut, *3 Compositions Of New Jazz*, but these assessments were taped compared to being soapboxer Phil Woods's scathing attack on what he considered to be Braxton's dismal classical technique on the watershed *For Alto* (Delmark 1968) in an October 1971 *Blindfold Test* (*Down Beat*'s equivalent of *The Wire*'s *Invisible Jukebox*). Even Braxton, in his wisest stream-of-consciousness liner notes for the double LP set, called his own music "a poor example of bebop."

But suddenly, in early 1974, Braxton became the figurehead of jazz's next revolution, one more figuratively led to an acceptable jazz tradition than prior uprisings. That year's April issue of *Code* was largely devoted to Braxton, in addition to his extensive interview with the artist, editor Bill Smith concluded in a review of Braxton LPs that "it does not matter if your likes are Johnny Hodges, Lester Young, Bird, Grenette or Trane, for Anthony Braxton is the present account of their lineage. He is THE one." (Smith

reinforced the position later that year by producing *Two And Two* (Blackwell), which includes three duets with Holland on jazz standards that remain prime examples of Braxton's take on the tradition.) Braxton also received back-to-back five star reviews in *Down Beat* in April. Ray Tomlinson follows a insightful feature on Braxton (not run two months before) gave the magazine's highest rating to *Four Compositions* (1973) (Smith), reinforced with a responsive Japanese rhythm section, concluding that "Braxton has entered a new, and more harmonious phase" of "uncommon popular accessibility." Giving five stars to *Seven Moll* (*Two A Quarter*) 1972 in the June issue. Bill Smith (no relation to Bill) hewed the point, saying the more obscure aspects of Braxton's prior work, which Smith attributed to "his involvement with the European 'new music' syndrome", was trumped by Braxton "saying things uniquely, directly, and with emotional purity."

The red-living jazz about Braxton did not go unnoticed by US industry insiders. Braxton's and Olive Davis's trajectories would soon converge.

In 1974 Michael Gussone left Atlantic Records, where he produced, among other albums, *The Art Ensemble Of Chicago's Pop-Fusion And Forth For The Moment*. He had wanted to make a record with Braxton since meeting him when Circle First formed, but now doubted the opportunity would ever arise. So, when Gussone took a call in the middle of the year from Mark Myerson, Atlantic's head of AAR, he was stunned to hear Myerson rave about Braxton and ask if the saxophonist could be signed to the label. Before Gussone could even ask it, he received a call from Steve Backer, whose marketing schemes had yielded ceiling-raising sales for such popular artists as Gato Barbieri, Keith Jarrett and Pharoah Sanders. Backer, who had also wanted by Davis to head Arista's jazz department, was excited to sign Braxton. Braxton was initially incredulous when Gussone reached him in Paris to tell him that not one, but two major labels wanted him. Realizing Gussone was serious, Braxton immediately returned to New York and signed with Arista. After the signing, Braxton and Davis would meet only a few times, usually in passing.

Radio play was a priority in Backer's strategy for marketing Braxton. Commercial jazz radio was

still a national force in the US, so much so that it had recently opened its own (Billboard) *Radio Free Jazz* (which now publishes as *JazzTimes*). To help ensure staying, Backer made each session's most radio-friendly performance the respective album's lead track, a practice consistently maintained for the first half of Braxton's tenure with the label. It worked. For the first three years, Braxton's *Artista* charts did not exist, and more importantly in terms of solidifying a salsa-outstanding fan base, broke into *Radio Free Jazz's* Top 10 in five weeks. Not only did the organists Braxton's salsa ground game, but, because sales reporting cycles were weekly and press cycles tend to be monthly, Backer's radio-based quartet primed the press to echo the next big noise in jazz' lack of *Artista's* print advertising campaign for Braxton's debut for the label, *New York, Fall 1974* "Nothing Braxton. A new noise half the world already knows." Even Rolling Stone was quick to identify itself with the knowing half with a Jim Miller review that proclaimed Braxton to be "one of the most significant jazz voices of the 70s", citing the music's "affecting pathos, as if Charlie Parker, lost in the bewilder of a nuclear reactor, [was] performing improvisations inspired by nuclear-blast scenarios." The Rolling Stone connection was further cemented through the repeated advocacy of Contributing Editor Robert Palmer, who also wrote the liner notes for Braxton's second *Artista* release, *Five Pieces 1975*, and the review of the saxophonist in their "Picks To Stick In '76" survey.

Subsequently, sales of each of Braxton's first three *Artista* approached the 15,000 unit mark in their first year of release, breaking profits for even Creative Orchestra Music 1976, which required half a dozen sessions and 25 other musicians, cost *Artista* more than any other master it sent to the pressing plant, according to Cascone. Arguably, Creative Orchestra Music 1976 marked *Artista's* age of marketing Braxton. Voted *Album of the Year* in the *Down Beat* International Critics Poll of 1977, the success of Creative Orchestra Music 1976 prompted full-page ads promoting Braxton to be the "Maestro of the Year" even though *Down Beat* did not poll for that distinction in 1977. The tagline built upon the earlier ad, "Nothing Braxton. His music is being heard." On *Artista* Records."

Musically, Creative Orchestra Music 1976 marked the departure from the first two albums' emphasis on Braxton's quartet music; of the seven albums issued after *Five Pieces 1975*, only three sides of the double LP *The Montreal/Berlin Concerts* featured Braxton's working group with drummer Barry Altschul, Roland and trumpeter Kenny Wheeler (or his replacement, trombonist George Lewis). While *New York, Fall 1974* featured a quartet piece with violinist Larry Jenkins, an otherworldly duet with synthesizer pioneer Richard Teitelbaum, and the watershed "Composition 32" for saxophone quartet with Future World Saxophone Quartet co-founders Hansell Blument, Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake, they were placed on the LP's second side. Similarly, side two of *Five Pieces 1975* was largely devoted to an almost 20 minute performance of "Composition 235", an intricately structured piece that contained seven to ten examples of isolated materials as well as episodes of open improvisation. However, the piece's ballad-like and fast-paced passages are leavening ingredients; additionally, "Composition 45M" – exemplary of the turbocharged "Composition 40" series that would put his quartet albums throughout the 80s and early 90s – gave the album the compelling flag-waver fund-raiser feel to modern jazz album construction.

Instead, Creative Orchestra Music 1976 has a much more irregular shape: one that now can be seen as a foreboding. After the up-side-the-head big band punch of the opening track, "Composition 51", "Composition 50" is a sheer drop into husky textures, pregnant silences and occasional drips of scented flang notes and clipped two or three note utterances. Throughout the piece, Teitelbaum's Moog whirs in and out of the foreground, Braxton's contrabass slanders gnarled, and the three-man percussion section uses everything from glissoprel to expertly pedaled tympani to reinforce the collage-like feel of the piece. Side one ended with the jerky Sousa-inspired march, "Composition 56", a rare that Braxton splits wide open with splattering, scatted solos by trumpeter Leo Smith and Lewis over increasingly intricate rhythmic backgrounds.

Still, for many listeners drawn to Braxton's *Artista* largely through marketing, "Composition 58" was an affront to their hypos. The B-side gave themselves to clinging to other than "Composition 52", an updating of Ellington-Strayhorn orchestration techniques that featured straightforward solos by Wheeler and pianist Michel Richard Abeles, as well as a chattering contrabass saxophone turn by Braxton. However, "58" was sandwiched between "Composition 52" and "Composition 59". The former has a pantheistic tone, buttressed by ultra-low reeds and muted trumpets, the dynamics of the ensembles and the clattering snail-percussion in the background on also a subtle sense of tension, and there's an unresolved quality to the piece, as if torn out with a duct between Braxton and Roscoe Mitchell, playing contrabass and bass saxophones respectively. "58" means staccato

"For Four
Orchestras was
the first of a
ten-part series
for multiple
orchestras. The last
five were to be
performed by
orchestras located
on different
planets and in
different galaxies"

harsh, quivering crescendo and decrescendo, and howling long tones to create a vehicle for Mitchell's kite and Braxton's equally plangent soprano. The glancing absence of percussion – list aside a traditional jazz rhythm section – underlines the otherworldly impact of the piece, instead of an ordination mark or even a full stop, "58" ends the album with an ellipsis, a portent of what was to come.

Even though the limited-releasing *Beats 1978* and *The Montreal/Berlin Concerts* had been released by the time Creative Orchestra Music 1976 had been voted *Down Beat's* Record of the Year in 1977, Braxton was moving in directions that would stress the meticulous balance between art and commerce he achieved with Backer and Cascone. Braxton's main motivator was composition but not just merely the penning of chamber ensemble works like "Composition 63", which was performed by The Berlin New Music Group at the 1976 Berlin Jazz Festival with Braxton and Lewis as soloists, and released on the fourth side of the double LP *The Montreal/Berlin Concerts*. Especially for listeners familiar with the work of such Third Stream pioneers as Gunther Schuller, "63" was an easily digestible piece, as the bulk of the isolated materials and the imposed solos were relatively well-bound. For all its elements, "63" nevertheless represented a top-down approach to composition, even withdrawn to when and for how long improvisation would occur.

Braxton was keen to devise methods to empower musicians in real time, to give them the ability to improvise, if not to invent, a composition with each performance. The two side-long versions of "Composition 78" released as *For 78 Trombones* in eliminating even a study of Braxton's methodology to these ends. Even a cursory listen reveals substantial differences between the two tracks – Braxton performs with Douglas Ewart and Henry Threadgill on the first version and with Mitchell and Joseph Jarman

on the second. By restuffing the pages for each performance, Braxton altered each musician's "notes" through the score, changing the overall shape of the piece without disrupting its procedural essence. Though there are cue points that bring the three sustains together for a coordinated statement, there are many sections where the musician can perform the material as written, read it backwards or invert it; they also have discretion about attack and tempo, and are even permitted to stop parts. The resulting music was much more challenging than the head-on, head structures and overt jazz tilt of Braxton's earlier *Antares*, which is why the album bombed with the critics and died in the racks. Even avant-garde partisans like Cosgrove's *Milo Rife* reassured *For This*, complaining that "the above sounds/feels extremely strained/pretentious, and definitely lacks the immediacy and fire of his earlier works."

By the time this verdict had been rendered, however, Braxton and Cascone, as Braxton's executive producer and producer respectively, were already committed to the notorious *For Four Orchestras*. The first of a projected series of ten compositions for multiple orchestras — the last five, which Braxton estimated would be completed by 2000, were to be performed by orchestras located on different planets and in different star systems and galaxies — "Composition 07" required 160 musicians and four conductors. Every step in the production of the triple LP box set posed unique logistical and budgetary challenges. The music was recorded at Oberlin College in Ohio by four 39-piece orchestras drawn from the college's Conservatory of Music. In *A Power Stronger Than Us*, his magnum chronicle of the AACM, Lewis poses Braxton's personal expenditure to realize the recording at \$250,000, though it is unclear whether the figure includes the National Endowment for the Arts grant Mike Hilfield references in *The Music Of Anthony Braxton*. Cascone remembers Braxton applying for the grant to pay copyists for the 160 parts and the four conductor scores; he also said Oberlin professors conducted pro bono, while the student symphonies performed for school credits. The decision to release the album in quadraphonic sound and the necessity of recording the piece in segments left Cascone emerging from the remote truck with close to 1,000 discs to assemble, requiring countless studio hours to construct the master tape. Even though only two-thirds of the composition was recorded, Braxton said he spent over 30 minutes to preserve sound quality, bringing the running time under two hours. Still, 36 years later, *For Four Orchestras* remains the most monumental dash in Braxton's massive discography.

Despite the imprecise tallying of the press, exemplified by Art Lange's five-star lead review in *Down Beat*, *For Four Orchestras* was a resounding flop; sales were nowhere remembered when a *For This*, however, spent four Saturdays light fever, no CD reissue date recording was selling well in



Rehearsing *Director's Orchestra* in New York, 2010

1975, as the American economy was in the grip of double-digit inflation and interest rates, and spiking unemployment and oil prices. LP list prices had increased by 50 per cent since Braxton's signing. By 1981, major labels dumped list prices due to felt rising costs and evaporating margins. The major labels had begun their halfhearted ritual of gutting their jazz departments. Regardless of its virtues — and there are many, beginning with Braxton's use of atonality that bridges Renaissance music and Stockhausen, the traceable movement of motifs and fully developed themes through sections and orchestras, and the well-controlled use of dynamic effects near the halfway point — *For Four Orchestras* was doomed. Considering Braxton's tight-keeping had kept Davis largely in the dark about the project, it is surprising that Braxton and Cascone were not summarily dismissed. The reason this did not happen was simple: the project came in on budget.

Contrary to the extensive reporting of Lewis and others, *For Four Orchestras* was not Braxton's last *Antares* follow-up. The double LP *Alto Sonophore Improvisations 1979 and For Two Places*. According to Cascone, the budgets were in line with previous projects; the three solo sessions were engineered by Kurt Murkowski, who missed Philip Glass's concert recordings, while a Miles studio was booked for three days after the piano duet, performed by Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski, premiered at the 1980 Pro Jazz Festival. Intriguingly, Cascone cites the solo sessions — which spanned the post-production, release and press notices of *For Four Orchestras* — as atypical in terms of Braxton's need, instead of his usual great energy, he seemed to be tense and driven. Perhaps Braxton assumed this to be his last date for *Antares*. Regardless, *Alto Sonophore Improvisations 1979* was a four disc force. He reimagined compositions first recorded in 1971 on *Sonophore Improvisations Series F*

(America); he introduced the *Composition 77* series, which drew on everything from pentatonics to slugs tongue techniques; and while tone scales he called lines, and he celebrated the tradition with robust interpretations of "Red Top," "Along Came Betty" and "Giant Steps." If this is the last record, Braxton seemed to be saying, I am leaving it all in the ring.

By the time the tapes of Oppens and Rzewski's Milan recording of "Composition 95" were being edited and mixed, the US record industry was sinking madly. Until then, Braxton thought his department could ride it out, albeit as a bare bones operation, and talked a bout renewing Braxton's contract continued until the last minute, when Braxton left to escape the sea. As a result, it was not until the spring of 1982 that *For Two Places* was released without fanfare. Braxton had already begun recording for other labels and his first efforts for labels like Habitat were on the market. When *For Two Places* was reviewed in *Down Beat*, it was in a round-up of four titles, despite a five-star rating and accolades about Braxton's facility in writing for the piano, the interconnections of the textures with his own jazz-oriented compositions, and the startling performance of Oppens and Rzewski, the album was effectively lost in a crowd, with two of the other titles receiving five-star ratings. Both were quartet dates. Performance 9/1/79 on Habitat and *Six Compositions*. Overlaid on *Antares* Braxton was the Executive Producer of the latter.

Braxton, Braxton and Cascone teamed up once more in 1985 to record the two volumes of Severin Scuderi's 1983 for Magenta, a Winthrop Hill solo biography with legendary pianist Hank Jones, bassist Patru Rad and drummer Victor Lewis. But the jazz world felt radically changed; the neo-conservatives were on the march and Anthony Braxton was no longer a new name that half the world already knew. Both volumes were rereleased in short order. □ The Complete Arado Recordings Of Anthony Braxton is out now on Mosaic



The music industry is in a credit crunch of its own making, sunk in format wars, copyright meltdown and corporate takeovers. And yet, despite all the crisis rhetoric, there are now more unofficial channels to stream music into your life than at any time in history. Over the next 34 pages, *The Wire* surveys the buried audio treasures – from music blogs and online mixes to studio control booth recordings, video footage and rare cassettes – that are being exchanged, traded, compiled, up- and downloaded even as you read this article. Plus: the secret songs of spiritual communities, the historic rediscovery of vernacular folk, and the simple joy of sharing music via compilations.

Burning chrome

David Keenan on how guerrilla media revitalises music

CD-Rs and cassettes are the ultimate guerrilla media in that they dispense with any notion of permission altogether: whether it's the freedom to share music you have via mixtapes and dubbed copies of albums, or to allow your own music to circulate outside of the labels/A&R-sanctioned world of "independent" artists and newscasters. The instant nature of the tape dub or the burned disc allows new music to interact with the world while it's still at its most potent. Before it has been formulated, absorbed and made fully explicable by any form of critical consensus. That's why, historically, pirate media has been the natural home for avant-garde art, from the private and vanity press publishing of experimental, heretical, erotic and occult writers through the use of homemade cassettes and CD-Rs by industrial, DIY, noise and drone musicians.

Regulate media inevitably gives birth to bashed canons. From home-dubbed compilations and foggy recordings of obscure, unusual albums, through private releases in editions of 100 copies, tapes and CD-Rs offer a chance to renounce established evolutionary aesthetics. They generate the ever-confusing growth by maverick the part while facilitating the future. Phil Todd of the UK underground group Ashbury Navigations recalls years of listening to "with pure noise cassette copies" off and to find psychedelic noise records, not realising until years later that the shades that seemed to define them weren't on the original

recordings at all – it was all in the translation to tape. But in the meantime he had started to make his own music attempting to recreate the aura of the cassettes that had first hyped him. And so in its translation to pirate media, the music itself went through a process of accidental evolution, a form of creative misrepresentation that future artists gave the status of an alternative canon, until the whole concept of modern psychedelia itself had less to do with expanding on the initial blueprint had down to reduced 1960s rock groups and more to do with the ghosts that preyed on cheap analogue tape. Listen to the busy guitar auras of contemporary Ashbury Navigations, the out of focus traces of The Skaters, the blurred electronics of Holograms and you encounter a sonic weather that is the equivalent of a murky tape recorded over again and again, a sound that expires to an endless series. Can't make square, free music – modern psychedelia expires to the status of a kind of apocalyptic saying now that only the truncated shelf-life of low-grade, obsolete cart or tape media can provide. The cassette remains the center of chaos for noise music precisely because it's the noisiest of media, a favorite of transgressive industrialists and misanthropic power electronics outfits because it's literally degrading. It's cheap, it's breakable and it tends to effect whatever noises into contact with it with all sorts of electronic symptoms.

But most of all, self-publishing in the face of CD-R and cassette inlets is a mark of artistic

consciousness. It works as a gauge of how committed any artists to the specifics of their own vision, that without the blessing of any outside agency they believe in their own work enough to get behind it themselves, while its "unofficial" status forces critics and fans to fall back on their own judgment, no one has filtered out the more deserving artists, whether legitimized by taste makers, major labels or promotional payola. And it gives artists control of every aspect of presentation, so that the packaging itself – the mode of presentation – becomes part of the experience. Flying in the face of unlivable factory pressed CDs or limited edition "collector" vinyl runs of 20,000 units, handmade CD-R and art edition cassettes give music back its tactile power: facilitating direct, unmediated communication between artist and consumer or implicitly, artist and artist.

As downloads operate to destroy music as a physical artifact altogether, to give priority instead to the platform through which it is received and its associated (indirect) technological "breakthroughs", cassettes and (who would have thought it?) CD-Rs keep more physical, tactile, a better passed from hand to hand. Most of all, it keeps music social. In the tradition of 20th century socialist publishing, it remains an essential form of artistic resistance, to any notion of a monopolistic, to built-in classism, to the isolating influence of technology, to the endless pursuit of the future. Pirate media says the future's here right now. □

Remake, remodel

Joseph Stannard appreciates the homespun weave of customised compilations and playlists

Some may catalogue the mixtape, was nostalgia over the warm tones of a CD0 cassette surrounded with meticulously selected tracks, put together by deft fingers poised above buttons marked "pause" and "record". I can see the charm in that, and I also agree that cassette tapes improve with age as the sound track definition far that irrefragable magnetic mark proliferate to the format. An age-defining of mine used to hammer one particular high-class, the origin of which was fuzzy even to her: Vaughan Wilson & Co ("Bounce Rock Skate Roll") started in tragedy with a True Called Quest, Pharoahe Monch and The Beastie Boys, and the bass frequencies were outstanding in their richness and depth, even when not booming out of her car stereo speakers.

Rather than mixtapes, I've tended to give and receive new CDs and more recently MP3 playlists. The format, scarcely new, though, the effect is more or less the same. It's all gratifyingly illegal, and when someone gives you a carefully (or even a haphazardly) selected one, they're not just offering a targeted passport to a new world, but a whole set of illicit

portals to several unexplored dimensions. Indeed, some of those dimensions are destined never to be explored: single tracks retain the cult's mystery from an artist's back catalogue, existing only within the context of the mix; no more is required. But others are the beginning of adventures, relationships. I've been reduced to joyful tears by the modest intensity of playlists I've been sent, track-by-track, visual, while one particularly CD0 given to me a few years ago acted almost as a primer to the eclectic possibilities of psychedelia, in its varied strains. It was a broad collection, taking in Sunn O))), Heide, Luane Anderson, Arthur Russell and others, and it ignited my interest in mind-altering music following an extended period of nihilism-induced torpor during which I had avoided listening to anything apart from The Beach Boys, Harry Nilsson and Miles.

The mix does odd, magical things to songs. Grounded in new education from their respective albums, is recontextualised in juxtaposition with tracks by other artists, in other genres, the practices can make previously scattered connections explicit.

A friend of mine recently presented me with a brilliant mix CD0 which began with Al Bowlly before changing into Kate's & Spence, then by providing a new musical backdrop for The Carpenters, whose music I had been listening to around the same time, and whom the author of the mixtape had never heard of.

It isn't always accidental. When I asked someone a mix, I take great pleasure in discovering how particularly The Bonzo Dog Doo-Beak Band at least to Arnold Dreyblatt, how neatly Selva Deybathe fits alongside Rankin Gammel under how these juxtapositions reveal new relations. And I get to glean these discoveries with people I love and respect.

The mix as a kind of psychedelic talk art, a hand-to-hand method of constructing and deconstructing one's own perception of what music is, and what it is capable of, in the age of iTunes, we may be witnessing one of those rare instances where a folkloric supplants an industrial standard, as the conventional album declines in popularity and music is broken into bits, to be reassessed as the consumer – or the thief – sees fit. □

Wow and flutter

Alan Cummings on the mystique of Les Rallizes Dénudés cassettes

The envelope contained an ordinary cassette tape. Its plastic box was strangely faded pink but otherwise there was little else to distinguish it. A tiny yellow post-it note was stuck to the inlay card, neatly hand-lettered in Japanese with the words "Hatsuda no Rallies, Yamsun 1980 & 14". The tape, and the others that followed it in a small Jiffy bag, were my first introduction to Japan's long-running psychedelic scene, Les Rallizes Dénudés. Slipping it into the cassette deck, the music that emerged was unexpectedly tender. Less charming acoustic results from this league of robed monks, its minimalist guitar feedback a cold and silver snarl that seemed to caress before dragging you down with it to the lightless depths.

This encounter with the group's music — through the medium of the two cassette traded with other collectors — was central to how it was received by their fans. In many ways, Rallizes were less a group than a mystic cult who played out their secret ceremonies in the darkness of small venues across Tokyo. Entrance was by word of mouth, initiation was through feedback and crushing volume rather than blood. And like the Greek and Roman mystic cults that preceded them, they neglected record releases in favor of overwhelmingly experiential ritual. Over the three decades of their active existence from 1967 to 1998, they released just four recordings — a side on a double LP compilation in 1973, and three self-released CDs in 1991. Each soon went out of print, which meant that for many fans the only way to access the group's music was through trading live tapes, such as the one that had found its way to me.

With the benefit of hindsight, there was a strange and paradoxical match between the hermetic,

self-contained aesthetic of the group and the stark medium through which the music reached the majority of their fans. The cassette's qualities — its subtle fragility, the physical impossibility of capturing the sheer volume of the group on the compressed dynamics of tape, and in particular the deterioration of the signal as it was repeatedly copied — fused with the listener's quest to understand the music. Synecdoche, listening became an act of both archeology and imagination. Was that particular passage of distortion emanating from leader Masumi's guitar, or from the dirty heads of a cassette tape trader further up the line? What about that extreme whoa and flutter — intentional or just tape distortion? Each new tape was poured over for listening and selection like a Good Set Search, the time and effort expended in its acquisition signifying its significance. The cheap and disposable nature intended by the cassette's manufacturers was replaced by a rare talismanic importance.

They also became a means by which bonds of friendship were created and cemented. Longtime Rallizes devotees all tell similar stories of asks placed in the personal columns of music magazines, or if they were lucky enough to live in Tokyo, of snuggling tape reorders into gaps of blank tapes and stamped envelopes that the neophyte would send out in the hope that some more experienced collector would take pity on them. Many look back with fondness and regret to a more innocent era, even when a single cassette passed through an unexpected gesture of generosity was far more meaningful than the thicket of commercial bootlegging that has grown up around the group in recent years. There's a considerable irony at work here too. The music of Les Rallizes



Right for use of Les Rallizes Dénudés: a Tokyo cassette cover

Dénudés was uncompromisingly insular — a singular vision by a leader who gave no interviews, posed for no photos. It resisted bitterly the logic of the marketplace. Masumi's enlightened take on the poem lines of rock'n'roll as ecstasy and the Gothic French ruminations of his lyrics, all Cortez dream images, and deep Cézanne journeys into night, was directed towards a personal, individual epiphany. Ironically, the relationships it created were warmly communal. □

Street fighting men

Peter Shapiro on hip-hop battle tapes

You only have to listen to one record by Soulja Boy or Young Jeezy at T-Pain to understand why tapes of Old School hip-hop performances are treated with complete reverence by collectors. Long before the music industry got its grubby, greedy fingers on it, before it became nothing but a cult of personality, hip-hop was the only folk music ever to come out of New York. It was music that developed in complete isolation from the world beyond the ten or so square miles in The Bronx bounded by St Mary's Park in the north, East Fordham Road in the north, the Hudson River to the west and White Plains Road to the east. Hip-hop may have been born in capitalism's capital city, but its ancestors were so far off in their own world that it might as well have come from the most remote corner of the Appalachians.

Hip-hop was born in playgrounds, parks and Public Athletic League community centers in a part of New York that was left for dead, the South Bronx was dubbed a "meatropolis" by one city official. Even

when hip-hop moved into nightclubs in the very late 70s, there were still few souls brave enough to enter this secret world, so tapes of parties and battles were the only way non-artists could hear the music.

With no traditionalists looking about the old days (ah, the irony), no one policing the genre's borders (which lets any night-light layover's signing-off on the project), and barely a enough infrastructure to power the turntables and mics, hip-hop was nothing but youthful angst, egotist de-cogs and a survival instinct spelled John McLean's. As a result, early hip-hop battles fused with an energy that is simply lacking. The performances are messy, the technology lacks class, the fidelity couldn't be worse if the tape was recorded using a condenser mic on a Panasonic handheld (ah, fact, they often were), but the feeling that there are no rules, that three guys are just making shit up as they go along is palpable, and the sheer joy is utterly infectious.

Listen, for example, to Force MC's unapologetic battle version of "Auld Lang Syne" at the 1981 Crooklyn Rappers Convention, or E-Man's raucous "Spanish" goof on the beat from Father Williams' "Last Night Changed It All". Of course, there are also chilling moments such as LL Cool Jee letting the crowd shout violence through an echo chamber after a fight broke out at the Zulu Nation's Sixth Anniversary Party.

As silly and endearing as some of the routines are, though, the battle is early hip-hop's true miles. Today's battle is somehow seen, understood and calculated, and even with the immediacy of the internet, the time lag destroys any momentum. Compare, say, Jazzy Jay's re-entrance in the war with The Cold Crush Brothers. Grandmaster Caz facing down a heckler and telling him (in fact, "Fuck you and the sub that brought you here"). Of course, this is to say nothing of the most important Old School tape — the legendary Christmas Eve 1983 battle between Busy Bee and Kool

Max One when Kiss One Do singlehandedly ushered in the New School with his impeccably timed and ferociously precise character assassinations of Bay like "Record after record, rhyme after rhyme, always went to know your politics again."

Although tapes don't do justice to the DJ world (which was often contests of volume), the flow that do exist give a hint of the mixing atmosphere and the creativity that went into the record selection. There's Afrika Bambaataa putting Bruce Rock Bama at 133 Park with the theme from *The Andy Griffith Show* and The Minutemen and a quick cut into James Brown's "I

(Got The Feeling)." San Webster's tapes — with the wild processing and Jazzy Jay's seemingly lugubrious gaze behind the decks — are the most otherworldly, and really emphasize the difference between what hip-hop was and what it has become.

While this might seem like so much golden age rap, collecting these tapes from community centers, high schools, house parties and clubs that have long since become superaspirants is one way of honoring hip-hop's historic figures in a genre that barely has time to take a breath, let alone look back at its own history. More importantly, though, this is a way that

not only doesn't exist any more, it simply can't exist anymore. These tapes celebrate the collective genius of a group of people who transcended the truly awful circumstances that surrounded them with sheer force of will and personality. If the lawyers, lobbyists, suits and parents didn't understand that, fuck 'em.

Consumer service annoys no one. If you don't know someone who frequented Crotona Park in the late '70s, the fine folks at Madson Square Garage Recordings have done you a great service by putting 33 classic Old School tapes on one massive 5.6 gigabyte DVD, NYC Live: Throw Down. □



Images of tiny card for *Black Metal's* unholy cassette rituals

Adepts of the craft

Edwin Pouncey on Black Metal's unholy cassette rituals

Confronted by a technologized world in which downloads and iPods have become the norm, most "true" Black Metal legions still prefer the seemingly defunct C90 cassette as the best medium to carry their latest blasphemous utterances to the faithful. For these obscure groups, releasing their work on CD (or even CD-R) would be opening too close to accepting the tenets of the mainstream record industry, where music is treated more like an easily accessible commodity rather than something that has to be seriously tracked down, captured and listened to in the dark. The C90 suits Black Metal's purpose perfectly, because cassettes are now considered an extract playback system: their use among white Black Metal circles ensures that the music is kept securely underground.

After Black Metal was baptized in 1962 by Newcaric group Venom, who conjured up the name for the 9th of their second album, the genre began to meander in Northern Europe during the late '80s and early '90s, alongside the Grindcore and Death Metal scenes, whose visceral energy and uncompromising vision had provided a much needed outlet for those still seethed by the commodification of punk into "New Wave." Distributed privately or sold in obscure specialist record shops — such as Mayhem's guttural

Eurythmics' legendary Helvete (Hell) in Oslo — early Black Metal demos and rehearsal tapes by Dark Throne, Emperor, Immortal and Varg Vikernes's Burzum project gave credence to the movement, encouraging others to contribute their own renditions of Black Metal's gleefully Satanic and misanthropic mindset to the cause.

One of the most original anthems to emerge from Black Metal's murky (erthquake) pool was *Abruptus*, a mysterious line from Sweden whose origins were shrouded in rumor and hearsay. Although it has now been revealed that leader "Joy" "R" Skold was not a dwarf, and did not receive electric shocks to produce the unearthly screams, and seems that permeate *Abruptus* recordings, the group's 1990 cassette demos (*The Solitary Times*), with their eerie dungeon ambience, remain one of Black Metal's glacial achievements as it burrowed ever deeper underground towards the event gorge.

The same shuffling shroud of unseen, despair-inflected consciousness that echoed through *Abruptus*'s early tape experiments continues today in the work of Maurice de Jong's *A New Throat* (from the Netherlands) and Finnish group Groh (*Of Caroborus and Dead Raptid Shrine*). All of which have released their recordings on conventional and

unconventional formats. Perversely, de Jong uses his MySpace page to distribute his recordings, while CD and DVD switch between vinyl, CDs and cassettes to communicate with their followers. Both these latter groups confront an ambiguity, as besting identity, so the listener is uncertain just how many he means (or why he questions) are involved. During Black Hellcity, the latest offering from Dead Raptid Shrine, is available in cassette form and as an impressively packaged double LP set from the Coccarocopa label in an edition of 300 copies. But it is as the cassette editions of their work that the group's creepy-crawly sonic and visual attack really sinks into the unknown. Decorate it with photographs of crudely drawn magical sigils and distorted photographs of trees in some frost-bitten Blair Witch forest, such titles as *Blood & Ink*? (*The Infinite Space*, Sabbath and The Jewel Throne [actually a triple CD-R set]) are more like held recordings of some unholy ritual than anything Black Metal has chafed up so far. There is an almost blasphemous feel to their cassettes that, convincingly makes a presence of something special going on — coupled to a sensibility of edge and menace as the group's rattling and clanking produces sounds that, to the unwelcoming listener, seem intolerably forbidden. □



Spine and cover of *Dead Raptid Shrine's* *Sabbat*

Byron Coley on the transatlantic revelations of John Peel bootlegs

From **my vintage point** in the United States, John Peel was a strange mixture of fact and mystery. He was an "underground" disc jockey who wrote for *International Times* and did liner notes. That was the first part. But even harder were things about private matters: drinking on boats out in the North Sea somewhere, and, frankly, it seemed like a fantasy out of a Paul Kundera lyric.

In the early 1970s, bootleg LPs began to appear that mirrored Peel's radio broadcasts as their source. Apparently, Peel not only hosted some sort of basement all-nighter radio series, he also had groups playing live in the studio. A vision formed in my brain: surely, he is a composite of Howard Stern [whose late night Sunday show on WABC-FM included five-minute-long parties to WU's Kansas City and call-in segments hosted by Tallulah (herb) and Bob Fass (whose Radio Uccanoble on WBU was an incredible source for ad hoc musical breakdowns of all stripes)]. I was extremely curious to know more about the guy's show, but then didn't seem to be able and so to actually get an earful of his action, so I got drunk for five years and forgot about him.

When punk happened, Peel's name started

popping up again all over the place. While America's established DJs tried to shove Peter Dinklage and Fleetwood Mac down our throats, Peel gripped the punk ball by both horns. He played instantly-great records and also hosted early like *The Fall*, *Salt-N-Peas* and *The Pretzels* for live sessions. It started to be a thing for American college DJs to rap to tapes of Peel sessions on their own punk shows, but I could never figure out how to get any funds on source tapes until I moved to Los Angeles. In 1991, there were a few gigs there, notably Henry Rollins, who had cassette of Peel sessions almost immediately after they were broadcast. As I recall, these originated from shortwave broadcasts on the BBC World Service, but man, I didn't care. The Birthday Party sessions in particular totally justified the expense of buying a doubling deck. Who cared where they were from?

While these shows were mostly edited so that just the live music was present, the intro and outro were not surgical, so I began to hear Peel's voice as well. His presentation sounded dry, funny, intimate and supreme knowledge. As a devotee of radio-as-artform, I began to start taking about anthems of entire shows. Punkers collectors didn't seem

much interested in these, but as I got involved in the early world of heavy paper tape decks, later in the 80s I found there were more than a few complete Peel shows from the 80s and early 70s floating around.

Laying hands on these was my glory. They were rare capsules of perfect design. The live sessions were great, but the way Peel put together his shows was amazing. It was easy to imagine hearing his softly rounded tones in the middle of the cultural wasteland and taking hope from it, hearing his wit wove and the music he played the possibilities that there was a better substance somewhere, a globe where hippies gambled and the wave flowed like... uh... wine.

Listening to Peel talk about going rowing with Mark Bolan or travelling to some festival with Bridget St John and Roy Harper or reminiscing about Beethoven and The Misunderstood back in his own California days, was radio at its most intimate. It also motivated my radio (and others) to be an originator to extend Melrose into otherwise unexcitable situations. Radio waves. So ephemeral they're all but unobtainable. And I'm not sure I'd want to listen to tapes of all Peel's shows all the way through, but man, the good ones are utter genius, and well worth seeking. □

Wireless buccaneers

Simon Reynolds opens a treasure chest of pirate radio tapes from the early days of UK rave

Early the most precious some artifacts in my possession are the tapes I made of London pirate radio shows in the early 1980s. Everything else is replaceable, albeit in some cases it's considerable effort and expense. But these "treasures" are and early Jangle tapes are almost certainly irrecoverable given the large number of stations active then, the sheer volume of 24 hours/5 days/7 Saturday broadcasting, and the drug-misery non-professionalism of the DJ-and-MC crews of these days. It's highly likely my recording is the only documentation to exist of any given show.

In which case, if only I'd used higher quality cassette! Before I got wise, I would tape over unwanted promotional tapes: since the radio signal could often be poor, buying those blanks seemed a waste. Plus, in these early days, I wasn't doing it out of some archival preservationist impulse. Like all of us, I was just trying to get hold of the music. Later I'd discover that many tracks were duplicates that wouldn't turn the shops for months anyway, in some cases, they were test pressing experiments that never got released at all.

These relics of UK rave's heyday are editions of one because they're controlled by my spontaneous editing decisions, switching between stations, or because when a pirate show's energy dimmed, or the DJ dropped a run of tracks I'd tagged several times in steady cutting off abruptly when I couldn't stay awake any longer, or deciding not to broadcast because I'd left the tape running and went off to do something

else. In the early days I often pressed "pause" when the commercial breaks came on something I now regret because those that survived are among my absolute favourite bits. With the hasty end-on-the-fly quality, the ads for the big raves and the pirate station Jingles contribute heavily to the dense layering of sociopolitical data and period vibes that make these tapes so valuable.

The crucial added element to these tapes, something you didn't get from the original vinyl 12's played in isolation or even from the official DJ releases and mix CDs of the era, is life. In live sessions the autobiographical imprint of my personal early 80s, someone hauled disinterested into the vortex of the UK new scene and still figuring it out, but also the live-and-diminished awareness of DJs waving on the fly and using whatever new names were in the shops that week, or BBCs condemning further with their petty and silly patter. The tapes are capsules of a living culture. Something about the mode of transmission itself seems to intensify the music, with radio's gossamer effect suggesting Hardcase's already imbalanced frequency spectrum of trible-sparkly high end and sub-bass humbuck. Pirate DJs typically had real pots or saunters, also mixed with snudge of chaos and noise, and spread in spite of the same's edgy output, rather than just sticking to floorfilling anthems.

They're not all pure gold, these tapes. But when they-grin, you can sense the MC and the deejays spurring each other to higher heights. The lesser knowns thrill me most, not the famous big rave Jangle

festivals like Meise or Five-G, but forgotten figures like OC and Ryan Type, who forged unique styles that welded the commanding cadences and gruff roteness of DJ-Ray-style deejay talkover with the cheap hyperbolicism of ratty rave, or polished baroque boy gang. Every with DJ-boy have been besting. Some of these tapes I know as well that the tracks are inseparable from the charts and the chatter, years later, when I finally worked out what the rapistry turns were and bought them, they sounded flat, without that extra layer of rhythmic and speech thickening the broadcast breath.

1992 to 1994, I'd come to darkness to Jangle, in the prime period for me. I'd close revisit the drum'n'bass years, when things got serious, things pick up again with the post-rave effervescence of UK Garage and two-step: when the number of London parties reached to its highest level. Grime is an odd one. I've got stacks of tapes, and then I realize they're archived on the web, but the emergence of the MC as a capital A artist strikes me as a mixed blessing. With one eye on their career prospects (in allianz), the MCs increasingly ease in with pre-written verses, reams of carefully crafted wordplay dropped with little regard to how it fitted the groove. Pirate MCs always had an arsenal of signature catchphrases and ad-hoc-rhyme gimmicks, but with Grime a whole element of ad-libbing representation got severely diminished. So, cropping some 2000 tapes from a brief's problem in down, I've not got the same attachment or affection as I do for the classic rave sets.

Daddy, I've recently found people who shared my obsession to anything like the same degree. But as a quick web search reveals, pirate tape fads are out there lurking, and not just ones obsessed with the London-centric Rastaman-contestants. There are online archives and websites for the original pirate radio of the 1980s (stations anchored in international waters or operating abandoned offshore military forts) and others dedicated to the legendary pirates of the 70s and 80s, and to the 80s hi-punk mix shows broadcast by London's pre-rave pirates. In terms of my particular addiction, you can find 'Wallace, Jungle and UK Garage sets archived at QM Sound sets, or offered for trade or sale, or various raves, drum

'n' bass and dubstep message boards you'll come across individual listings huge caches of vintage transmissions. The pirates persisted as much as a minority taste within the larger niche market for DJ bootlegs of the sort recorded through the sound board at the big commercial raves and then sold commercially through specialist record stores. People have been selling or swapping dupes of these sets for a dozen years at least (nostalgia for 1990-92 set in as early as 1999). Today, an angled Top Box mixtape circa 1990, say, might fetch £20 on eBay. Old Skool functions generally provide the stikily-mixed official releases to the vibe-rich but earnest pirate tapes, a lot of people just don't like NRG, it seems

But if you dig the back of Indian-stoneagers of the pirate set, or are just curious to crop a feel of what it was like in those rare, crazed days, seek out these online deposits of delirious hardcores: hardcores.com/indexing.htm (a sizeable cache of 1989-90 shows, mostly from the London era), indianstones.co.uk/TouchdownAudio.htm and londonpirates.co.uk/Dubplate.htm (sets from two of my favourite stations of the 1992-93 'golden age'), yorkshirepunk.org.uk/home/pirate-radio-recordings.php (massive archive of broadcasts from North of England stations, 1980-2000), topboxradio.co.uk/vintage.htm (huge selection of pirate tapes, for sale rather than downloaded). ☐

Dirty realism

Derek Walmsley on homemade Grime DVDs

If UK Grime was what you played rolling through dirty London town in your well-buffed car, Grime was far, and by, those too young to even own a car, killing time twiddling their thumbs on housing estates in East London. Its compressed bass grooves and bristling MCing were born close to the grit and gravel of the streets, and when it ruled the pirate stations in the early 2000s, it came across as stark and as dense as shortwave radio broadcasts.

Much of this activity failed to make it to any kind of official release (CD vinyl being too costly for young, cash-strapped producers and consumers alike), causing a disparity between what was happening on the pirates and what was on sale in the shops, with key tracks not being released for months or even years. A release was there to be filled. Enter the home-produced DVD, a format that could provide a visual record of anything and everything happening on a month by month basis in Grime's inner-city heartlands. MCs, who would go along with most things just to get on tape, were as loquacious boomers as they were on the mic, whether interviewed on street corners, dragging lyrics in a stammer, or clashing with rivals in home studios. Cheap and quick to make, rapidly available, and providing a visual dimension missing from a scene usually communicated over shabby FM bands, they were an instant hit. While Grime DJs went to record shops to hang at the counter and check out what vinyl was around, teenagers pulled near the DVD racks and argued over which of the DVD cover stars were the hottest on-road.

If Grime on pirate radio can be expensive and monochrome, at least until you properly tune in to its rhythms, an DVD replicates its aesthetic colour and lays out the connections between the main players in a visual burst. Most of the important artists since 2004, the likes of Roll Deep, Ruff Sqwad, Nasty and More Fire Crew, knew each other well enough from school to be an speaking terms, and the best DVDs reveal how close-knit Grime was at the time: the artists were almost living in each others' pockets. On DVDs such as *Practise Hours*, *Risky Road* and *Are High Volume 2*, the camera roams the streets, mostly of East London, in the company of virtually



Left to right: Waqar, Wiley and Flow-Bee on the *Roll Deep* DVD

all of Grime's major players. The *Lord Of The Mics* series, which covers clashes between many of the top MCs, includes cartoonishly stooped scenes of absent producer/WC Janner calling up all the main players in the middle of the night from his basement studio to set up the matches.

Freestyles – the term is a slight misnomer, as most MCs opt well-rehearsed routines – are usually just a matter of a track played back on a car stereo or a boombox, with the MC man giving it everything he's got, eyeball to camera/eye. The impact is often down to the setting: the artists are usually filmed in the in-between spaces of urban life: stairwells, car parks, street corners. The spontaneously inspired *Crash Test* drops wild couplets as it's watched, a young man yells club. Springing from London collective Ruff Sqwad are interviewed en masse as they stroll through housing estates in SS. Kane, one of the most talented MCs of the era, is captured outside his home late at night, rapping to the camera, wearing a dressing gown and holding a cup of tea.

While the DVDs may have cheap and cheerful production values, they convey something you almost never see on UK TV: young, predominantly black men given airtime to talk about their hopes and dreams. And the DVDs themselves are packed with subcultural references: real and website addresses for Grime's media fiends, adverts for internet shops on Rane

Road. Adverts for the DVDs themselves feature a pirate radio jang after they were first released.

Grime is by its very nature volatile and elusive, and DVDs have been one of the only sure ways to seize the major transfers in the scene. DJ Logan Sama's goodbye show on Rane FM was the DVD highlight of the Rane Sessions box set, where around 20 MCs packed into a small pirate radio studio – no windows, fluorescent lighting, just a table with record decks and empty drinks bottles, and a microphone being passed around the nervous crowd. As if sitting at Rane radio, is shown on DVD in all its chaotic intimacy, with crew peering into the small space, finishing each others' lines as if speaking through a shared mind.

Grime DVDs tell you something about the music you'd never catch get from records alone. Grime spins from shared spaces, the tower blocks, record shops, car parks where you play football, smoke weed and chat, the crowded stages and crowded studios. MCs are dependent on each other, even (and especially) when dealing with each other using lyrical wits to raise their profile. Together, isn't it what you expect from a music based on lyrical rivalry, but it's right there on the DVDs, captured by the camera's lens. ☐



The *Nurse With Wound* CD from the cover of *Glenn Felder* (2010)

Sharity begins at home

Simon Reynolds on whole-album blogs

Some call them 'sharity' blogs: a three-way pun on 'share' + 'rarity' + 'sharity'. As inevitable evolution from the single-track oriented MP3 blog, these whole-album music blogs have undergone a population explosion over the last three years, enabled by file sharing services such as Megaupload and Rapidshare, along with websites such as Sharitylive, which automatically distribute a blog's upload to an array of services, thereby increasing exposure reach. In this grand generosity bonanza, sharity's game seems unprecedented, from the most readily available mainstream fare (Jaxxy the complete discography of Iron Maiden?) Every last Pink Floyd bootleg demo? To the most inaccessible archive (West African guitar pop cassettes, 1980s power electronics tapes, complete catalogues of Library Music labels). What makes sharity blogs different from the peer-to-peer file-sharing communities that have come and gone over the last decade is that their activities are more exposed. Indeed there is an exhibitionistic quality, an aspect of taste display to these blogs, while some bloggers have become cast figures, "faced" on the same merit though their real-world identity remains shrouded.

One of the big names on the circuit these last couple of years is Mutant Sounds, justly celebrated for its prolific output of electronic music of which is out of print and extremely hard to find. Founded in January 2007 by a guy called Jax, the blog soon expanded into a collective, enabling Mutant to sustain its voracious rate of posts and expand its weirdo-music range. That need encompasses the more recent releases of post-punk UK, Funky/Rock/In Opposition, New Deutsche Welle, American freak music in a more recently founded by Zagze. The Residents and The LARMS, minimal synth, neo folk, analogues to synth space rock, techno-meets-industrial or techno-cybernetics, and much more. Eric Lubliner—who contributes to Mutant under the alias vinyldesound—but, unusually for a sharity blogger, is comfortable revealing his real identity—say, a key collaborator to "Tape deckah ones and for all that hoary old line of critical discourse developed in the wake of punk's first 100 that they've an enlightening discussion of radical musical thought first a really interesting Frag session."

The Mutant collective are a prime example of a drastic transformation that's taken place in record collector culture. The unexploited to be there

something that no one else has. But with the advent of sharity blogging that's shifted to: I've just got hold of something so one else's got, so I'm immediately going to make it available to EVERYBODY. While definitely a giant evolutionary step in terms of emotional health, on the level of subcultural capital and the generosity of hip, it is also self-sabotaging. Or perhaps not, since there is still an element of ego involved, a kind of competitive generosity contest between the blogs. Lubliner sees it as based in "self-aggrandizement abuse, with blog authors asserting themselves as gurus and priding over their own little kingdoms of cool and as the process, throwing open the floodgates to decades' worth of occult knowledge for casual perusal, a mass unleashing that's surely causing festively intellectual ruptures across every stratum of adventurous music making." Jim Murtat Sounds, for his part, likes to distinguish between the record collector and the music enthusiast: the former is driven by "variety of having something that no one else has or knows", whereas the music fanatic has an evangelical drive to turn on other people. He quotes wryly that "Mutant Sounds" has already become a shorthand term used by record dealers, "especially an idiom, trying to sell their items for higher prices." The rise of "appeared on Mutant Sounds" as a sales pitch shows that the blog has become an updated, vastly expanded, work-in-progress version of the famous Nurse With Wound list, an inventory of "but then" artists that appeared on NWW's debut album. Indeed, in the late 90s Lubliner actually wrote a reply to the NWW list in London with Matt Castle, his kinkmate in Vao Defiance Organization, while some of the early sharity blogs were attempts to relocate and upload every last one of Steven Seagard's recommendations.

Sharity blogs often see a steep decline to whyn't they do, redolent of the early 90s cyberculture/Monish 2000 mania. "Info nation wants to be free! Lube-lube guys facing with the hoarders of knowledge and 'rare sound', admitting, 'There's a certain perverse side to me that just enjoys the reversal of polarities for the hell of it, the instant stuff new becoming the most commonplace.' But there remain lingering ethical doubts, to put it mildly concerning the practice of 'leeching' music without the permission of the artist. Because Mutant also reads out of print (acc) or never officially released recordings by ultra-marginal musicians, the blog has

received few adverse reactions from artists. Of the small number of complaints so far, most, says Jax, have been "polite, asking kindly for us to remove the links."

Perhaps the real danger represented by the sharity scene is actually to music fans. The whole-album blogs—like the web in general, with its assortment of net radio stations, DJ mixes, official giveaways, etc.—drastically exacerbates the condition known as collectoritis, whose symptoms were recently identified by Johan Kugelberg as "coastigation, indignation, fustulence." Writing in *Old Time New*, an anthology of elegiac music to the record shop, he described how the music fan substitutes to "Fetishistic pliancy... sitting at the biggest bait, heaping and piling exotic booty/buffs not only from all around the globe but spanning history, on poor plian" and coating the vibrations of one's hand discs with "vocuous hand-its."

The MP3-fan's blogging is an inverse mirror image of the compulsion to disengage displayed by many sharity bloggers. One of the most torrential blogs wound to Sedition-Bloods, which is dedicated to every kind of extreme music: riot, totalitarian, Black Metal, power electronics, Gth, electronic body music, et al. Its operator, Vinyldesound, writes, "I've received comments like 'Slow down' or 'You're going too fast', but I have to blog as my." Vinyldesound brings up a couple of intriguing analogies for the sharity scene. The first is college rode, which in the 20s "changed my life forever. That's what the music blogs of today amounted for me. It was College Rode rode 1997" for other comparisons with the tape-trading networks of the early 80s. "It was our P2P network, but without computers." Vinyldesound also mounts a provocative case in defence of the sharity blog's disregard for copyright, comparing sharity favourably with second-hand record retail. "Neither the label nor the artist benefits," she replies, when a second-hand copy is sold. "Like used record stores, but feel music blogs offer a wider general benefit for the artists than shops do." Mutant's Lubliner likewise argues that exposure via blogs like Mutant Sounds has brought "interest in the work of the long overlooked" and in some cases even led to official releases. What's left out, though, is whether people will really go to the bother and expense of buying such releases if they've already downloaded the music free of charge. □



Getting it on the download

Phil Freeman on how bloggers can revive marginal musics and dusty grooves

So I'm preparing for my interview with Bill Dixon (see *The Wire* 293) and I hope there's no way around it — by hook or by crook, I have to hear his landmark 1967 album *Intents & Purposes*. It's justifiably regarded not only as a major statement by the trumpeter, but also as a creatively important avant-garde jazz LP. Tough, then, for me to imagine approaching the guy for any kind of halfhearted intelligent conversation without at least a glancing familiarity with his tracks. I've had the album's been out of print since about 1980. Vinyl copies turn up here and there on occasion, or so I'm told, but it's not like I know anybody who's got one, or who'd trade it to tape or CD-R for me if they do. Most old-schoolers, the kind of fakes who actually own original copies of legendary records, are kinda tight with what they have.

The digital age has created a new generation of more generous souls, though, and Google helps me find one. The search "bill dixon intents purposes mp3s" turns up a blog on which someone has posted a link, only a month before I need it, at least as though they've seen me coming. And it's still live! I downloaded the 180-kbps MP3s on offer, threw 'em into my iPod, and I'm off to the races. [By the way, a disclaimer: I don't wish to condone or encourage illegal behavior. I was desperate. That being said, *Intents & Purposes* is a fantastic album, and you should hear it by any means necessary.]

My experience was far from a fluke. The world of MP3 bloggers, though it's only been truly active for a couple of years, is allowing jazz fans to mount what could be seen as an insurgency by sharing their own record collections anonymously in cyberspace, the proprietors of these blogs are writing artists and albums back into history. When labels permit

albums to fall out of print, either because they're independents that go under or because — as is more and more frequently the case with major label jazz divisions — there's no profit to be made by keeping the wanderers corners of the catalogue active, those records effectively cease to exist, especially when they're vinyl and physically deteriorate with each play. So this sanitized circulation of digital files, vinyl crackle and all, is the only way this music can keep even the most delicate torchhold on existence, or have even the slightest chance of reaching a new audience. What is true for the jazz is also true here holds for any other specialist genre.

It seems to be primarily the free or avant-garde scene which is reduced to digitizing old jazz records in this way. Blue Note seems out releases of even middling hard bop titles at a speed no gangfully employed laborer can keep pace with; Verve, Impulse! and Prestige continue to recycle their catalogues, too, albeit at a slower pace. And let's not even talk about the cash cow that is the Miles Davis reissue/compilation/box set industry. But what about the more difficult releases sponsored by the major labels in the 1950s, '60s, and even 80s? The experiments and inegalitarian signings have largely slipped away into the memory hole of commercial failure. Even recent-ish releases such as the Columbia albums by Tim Berne and David S. Ware are long gone.

Of course, there were just as many if not more fly-by-night independent labels as there weren't labels in the late 60s and early 70s whose catalogues are just as scarce. India Navigation, Artists House and Sun (Frank Wright's label, not Sam Phillips's) are but three examples. Many of those labels' releases have now drifted back into digital availability on the or

ther inhomogeneous blog. There are even blogs devoted to digitizing the entire catalogues of highly-regarded independent jazz labels such as Blue Note, Flying Dutchman and CTI.

The kind of casual bootlegging is fascinating not only because it reveals music fans' priorities as being diametrically opposed to those of record labels (we'd rather hear a long-gone Marion Brown album on MP3 than one more set of Rudy van Gelder's), but also because it reduces music to pure information. No one is pressing up new copies of these records from a vinyl master; they are merely sharing digital (and lossy, and crackly) copies of the audio files. And yet, this is likely still seen by label executives — to the extent they're aware of it — as just as bad as reproducing the physical item. But is it possible to steal something that no one is offering for sale? Who's being harmed by the digital dissemination of audio from out of print albums? The proprietor of a used record store somewhere in Paris or Chicago, whose loss, especially, dusty copy of Noah Howard's *A Space Dimension* will sit a little longer on the shelf, because the free jazz fighter who might have purchased it has instead downloaded it from Rapidshare?

If anything, given the music industry's current state of slow, creeping death, labels should be doing the same kind of web searches. I did to find *Intents & Purposes*. Not to download albums themselves, but to see which of their titles are being downloaded most frequently, and get their backlist into print. One of 4's 1,000 copies of some rare jazz title, it's more copies than they're selling at present. The existence of MP3 blogs proves the existence of an audience for most genre jazz. The correct response to this situation is not anger or even bitter dismissal, but embrace. □

Zipped codes

Philip Sherburne on new twists on Techno offered by online mixes

Dinky's *Get Lost* 3 should have been one of 2007's best mix CDs. Instead, the album — a densely mixed, 70-minute tour of state-of-the-art Minimal House, featuring artists like Mountain People, Matthew Styles and Dinky herself — got buried in the fallout of Animo Distribution's collapse at the end of the year.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the landfill: the mix came out anyway. Not via a different distributor or a new licensing deal. Not even via a link or MP3 blog. Instead, the DJ herself offered up the mix — zipped as a set of 38 MP3s — as a free download from her own website.

The gesture is more than just an example of the generosity (or stubbornness) of a single DJ in the face of a frustrating marketplace. Mix CDs seem increasingly to be a thing of the past, promotional tools from the Aluminum Age struggling to maintain their status in the Silicon Era. In their place arrives a wealth of DJ sets available online, either as downloadable MP3s or co-streamed streams, an evolving medium that's shaping both the music and the community around it.

The range of offerings is vast. Dozens of sites offer everything from last week's club sets to seminal sessions released from 20-year-old tape. This spans partly from the explosion of self-promotion online, with amateur and semi-pro DJs flooding blogs with demo mixes in search of bookings. But it is also a natural extension of the internet's archival facilities. Aggregators like *Discogs*, *Last.fm*, *SoundCloud* and *Real DJ Music Academy* feed us new releases for recent sets recorded off the board as digital files and at *SoundCloud*, *Deephousepage.com*'s collection of sessions spans two and a half decades and counting by house pioneers such as Larry Levan, Ron Hardy and Frankie Knuckles.

While such file-sharing activity was initially an extension of the trading of bootlegged tapes and CDs that helped electronic music culture spread beyond the clubs and arenas, a new generation of curators is putting its efforts towards unlocking original content from DJs both veteran and unknown. The dance music-oriented website *Resident Advisor* helped pioneer this approach with a thoroughly polished archive that aims to take the pulse of contemporary House and Techno, its selections being mined from Richie Hawtin's meticulously edited (and never) interviews, to Kiki's archival online live at MUTEK, to Tobi T's recent travels through Ibiza, Salsaparra, Squarepusher and Erola Fyppu wave drumming. And in *Resident Advisor's*

wake, a number of apartment blogs have launched their own series, including *MML*, *SSSS*, *After-After*, *Get The Curve*, *Infinite State Machine* and *Little White Carboys*. Acting both as filters for the deluge of bootlegged club sets, and commissioning new mixes, these blogs tend to emphasize the DJ set as statement, whether as a cross section of a given subgenre or as personal expression. (These sets can be very personal indeed, as evidenced by The Male's *Resident Advisor* podcast, which was produced in the wake of a broken collarbone and a broken heart, and was full of deep in-the-cups fare from De Rotterdam, Etel Szepty and Maria Sage.)

One subset of these blogs has taken a more conceptual approach. In 2007, *Slam's* Rob Hall issued a monthly series of eclectic mixes with a twist: each mix was available for only one month, with the tracklisting published only after each session had been taken offline. "I liked the idea that it was a limited-edition download, and that you had to listen to it without preparation for a whole month before you would find out what tracks you had been listening to," said Hall, who designed the format in part in order to restore a sense of mystery to the form. "If a track came in that you knew already, it was more of a pleasant surprise to hear it without knowing it was going to be in advance." Bill Brewster's *Distortion* core hosts a similar series that mixes DJs to create obscure-heavy mixes to stymie transporting forum members.

More focused still, San Francisco curator *Reign* dinkard's *Midlayer* blog aims to explicate the creative process, inviting musicians and DJs to create a gesture mix or track and then explain their inspiration and working method. The result is a cross between entertainment, music journalism and psychological study (X-Files disclaimer: I have contributed to *Midlayer's* *After-After* and *Beats Lounge*.)

Many of these curators stress their interest in using the format to do things that aren't typically done on a mix CD or live club. "The best podcasts play to the uniqueness of the format," says *Resident Advisor's* Drem. "It's a great opportunity for DJs to do something different that they wouldn't be able to play out, like Javi Voorn's Ambient soundscape or The Male's soulful breakbeat mix." *Samurai's* Brett Cheekham agrees, emphasizing "the ability of the selector to construct some kind of narrative around a collection of tracks that wouldn't necessarily work in a club, and that an ideally a listener would possibly skip, but in the context of that show sounds great."



Rob Hall

Dance music has always been caught in a tug of war between globalism and localism: online mixes, perhaps ironically, play to both extremes, by giving local sounds free, instantaneous and international distribution. For Sam Willis of *After-After*, the site's reach challenges DJs to think beyond their familiar surroundings. "Someone who lives in London could download it, but so could someone in Zimbabwe or Alaska. But in order for that to happen, you have to be doing something that has relevance and isn't designed by where you're from." The mixes also "keep DJs honest," says *MML*'s SSSS Chris Watson. "People have been calling London out for playing the same records — and often in the same order — for the past six months. Before, DJs could get away with it, but not anymore."

This technology may have arrived at the perfect time for a generation of aging miners who find that club culture is losing its lustre. Says *After-After's* Willis, "I personally am hardly ever out in clubs. We make DJ mixes that we want to listen to, first and foremost, but also a key thing is to target people's headphones rather than the dancefloor. Who really wants to listen to a headline festival DJ set on an iPod when they're sitting on a bus on the way into work?"

With the conservation of current club culture increasingly coming under fire from performers who scorn the waning of the urban tendencies that have spawned scenes such as *Minneapolis's* Loft or *Los Angeles's* temporary autonomous zones, this expanding of club music's mandate offers the most potential for online mixes to transcend their ephemeral ancestors. As *Midlayer's* Reign dinkard puts it, "When I invite people to contribute to the series, I ask them to make something for themselves, to find an expression and forget about audience or follower. Their place, their, is where the root of artistry lies. Online mixes offer an opportunity to experiment if people are willing to take it. In many ways, it's probably easier than performing a live DJ set because it's easier to turn off the audience and climb inside what you are doing." □



Screen-free UbuWeb & Benardine's Take One & Fly



Andrew Glynne on Bouzouki & Drums

The Infinite Library

Julian Cowley on UbuWeb's monumental sound art archive

"Nothing is less marginal than the problem of the marginal," wrote Felix Guattari in 1979. "It cuts across all times and places. Without getting to the marginal there can be no question of social transformation, of innovation, of revolutionary change." Getting to the marginal has traditionally involved seeking out obscure venues, small press publications, independently released recordings, or local broadcasts, tracking down material that defies conventional definition or that needs being recognized for what it actually is.

Derek Bailey interviewed by fellow guitarist Henry Kaiser on indie station KPFA, Robert Ashley performing *The Wolfman* on a recording issued with the scarce yet legendary Source magazine, John Cage discussing Jesus Joyce's *Fireworks Mobs* during a programme made for Manhattan Cable TV, a fly exploring a woman's naked body in an underground film by Foto One, pianist Glenn Gould dissecting the gap's rings of Phil Spector's *Dark for a 1987 Canadian radio broadcast*, Patti Smith reading poems on an LP issued by John Giorno's Poetry System label — a mouse, click now separates these occasions. They can be accessed from the large and growing repository of works and documented events held at UbuWeb, where "the problem of the marginal" is central.

In 1996 New York poet Kenneth Goldsmith founded UbuWeb as a non-profit-making internet site dedicated to digital retrieval of marginally distributed or out of print visual poetry, verbal art and affiliated sound work. Its scope has expanded and it now carries films too. The name UbuWeb is a celebratory tribute to Alfred Jarry's outrageous theatrical creation *Pierrot Ubu*, who first emerged onto new in 1896 and was soon adopted as patron saint by a range of avant-garde provocateurs. The spirit of Jarry is present in the transgressive ferment of the website's editorial production team that "UbuWeb posts stuff of its content without permission, with a cut of

print LPs into sound files, we scan as many old books as we can get our hands on, we post essays as fast as we can Q&A them. UbuWeb is an unlimited resource with unlimited space to fill." The content already available on this "never-ending work-in-progress" is sufficient to bear the strain of each unique internet refutation.

The usual suspects are present: it's possible to preserve a coherent sense of the avant-garde if that's what you want. Theoretically the scope of UbuWeb may be unlimited but in its current stage of development — canonical body of the northshore (its early exiles) — Marcel Duchamp and the Futurists, Duchamp and the dadaists, Artaud, the surrealist, Gertrude Stein, William S Burroughs, John Cage, Joseph Beuys, Laune Anderson. They've done the work, crossed the border, opened up the field and are necessarily there. But the real excitement lies in UbuWeb's potential for discovery — tracking the margins, encountering unfamiliar names, meeting your sense of the familiar, enabling unanticipated connections or quantum jumps.

On UbuWeb Cecil Taylor is primarily a poet, while jazz vocalists Ella Fitzgerald and Slim Gaillard surface within the "Music/Text" section, invited by Jerome Rothenberg, along with Celtic mouth music and Irish throat singing. Free improvised music is projected back to Tokyo in 1960 via a vintage recording of Takemitsu Kōjiro, Yasuo Kame and other members of the group Goro Onogi. Stage director Robert Wilson and artistic poet Christopher Knowles emerge from the shadow of Philip Glass, their collaboration for Emerson On The Beach, to perform a wonderfully rich music text entitled "The Sandscape And Is Beautiful" before valiantly hostile members of an audience. It's different ways for a composition by Terry Fox, Belgian artist Musical Broadheads has a conversation with his own cut. Cornelius Cardew is remembered through a recording of the monomel

concert staged at London's Queen Elizabeth Hall in 1988. Klaus Kinski assumes the role of Jesus in Berlin A film about Chatterbox Palestine harmonizing with the engine of a motorcycle is riding. The unorthodox is not homogeneous.

UbuWeb's original forays are a salutary counterblast to historically oblivious feminism who find originality in the shameless rehash. And it's a transmission of subcultural infidelity for the genuinely adventurous. It makes instantly available intriguing material previously buried in elusive ephemera from libraries such as Telus in New York, PhotoStic in Iowa and London's Audio Arts. It has rescued recordings and films made during the late 1960s, especially for Phyllis Kjaer's *Japan*, the multimedia magazine in a box. Here you can listen to a guitar feedback loop perpetrated by John Cale, a radio tuning exercise by John Lennon, a vocal performance poem by Jackson MacLow or a LaMonte Young *Drift Study*. Especially visible is UbuWeb's partnership with New York's Realtime TV, which makes available films of exercises including *Blair* Gene Tyranny, David Behrman, John LaBarbara, Andrew Cyrille, Francis Warr and Tennessee Rice Dixon. Their extraordinary and beautiful work is supplemented by recording lots of work with transmedia artist Phoebe Legere.

It's fascinating to witness UbuWeb's growing, adding podcasts and discussion papers, and reaching to news, such as the recent death of composer Maurice Kagel. It has extended into an anthology of conceptual writing, a gallery of outsider art, an audio journal expanded daily. Goldsmith has established an online reprint that pledges to "publish the unpublishable" — work that may be too long, too experimental, too dull or too disturbing for more conventional outlets. As he says, "The web is the perfect place to test the limits of unpublishability." Certainly UbuWeb is that place — an unusually reliable means of getting to the marginal. □

Voice of the people

Rob Young on the pub visit that sparked a revolutionary folk movement

A man in a pub puts down his beer, stands up to sing, he receives no fee for his performance, and none of the listeners have purchased a ticket. The event is not recorded and there are no reports in the press. Can music ever be more "authentic" than this?

In the early years of the 20th century, folk song collectors such as Cecil Sharp, Percy Grainger and Ralph Vaughan Williams travelled the length of England to discover the untapped wealth of vernacular music preserved in villages and working communities. These songs were rarely tape recorded, only notated by hand and later transcribed into drawing-room-friendly piano accompaniments or folk dance society choral arrangements. The raw voices of the song carriers remained invisible. In the dark, pre-war winter of 1939, a chance meeting at a remote public house in East Angles led directly to the instigation of a new documentary phase in Britain's ongoing folk renaissance.

The village of Easthanger is little more than a scattering of cottages at the end of an 81st Anglian county lane, so remote that cars must keep a warning blast at every bend. It feels like a remote and secluded corner of the planet, here the roads degenerate to lanes and finally a small footpath to the crumbling coastline of East Suffolk. The central feature of this hamlet is a pub, the Ede's Pack, a barnyard that seems half-embedded in the soil, with a small exterior terrace and barely roomed for more than 40 or 50 patrons. Yet for decades its snug saloon has hosted some of the most vital folk singing nights in the country.

During the 1930s, Al (Leslie) Martin, the Marxist author of *The People's History Of Britain* and *The English Utopia*, happened to live nearby and in early 1938, invited his friend Al (Al) Lloyd, a journalist, amateur folklorist and singer, and fellow radical, to the pub. Lloyd was amazed by the vitality displayed at the Ede's Pack. A typical weekly music night might be

led by regulars such as Whet and Jumbo Brightwell, and 'Mr Goddard', with Philo Langston, master of ceremonies, basking a table with a gavel to announce the next singer's turn. Those who declined to take part were expected to drop stage nix or a jar to buy ale for the other souls who stood up and sang a song, spun a yarn or squeezed a tune out of an accordion. Lloyd was amazed, and persuaded a BBC producer friend of his to record the lively sessions. The pair turned up on 13 March 1939 with a car loaded with recording gear. The results of their labours, *Stanley Night At The Ede's Pack*, was broadcast on 21 July, the first time authentic traditional singers – not classically trained solo performers or ensembles – had been heard on national radio. The little pub became an English folk music landmark, and a series of recordings made there – including another BBC programme hosted by composer CJ Moore – were released commercially.

Lloyd's discovery coincided neatly with another landmark event: the founding of the first independent record label in Britain: Topic Records began trading in 1938, as an offshoot of the Workers' Music Association, a group that believed the presence of a tunebook in a living house provided leverage for vernacular music as a tool of revolution, a clarion call to the workers of the world. Lloyd named Topic as an artistic director, curating collections of folk songs, casting the net wider to find 'labourers' and revolutionary music from the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, Greece and Turkey. In a photographic climate then dominated by socialist recordings and popular dance tunes, Topic offered wholesome fare.

Lloyd's left wing associations eased his ban from further BBC involvement for the remainder of the war. By the time he was reinstated, the pillars of the 'industrial' folk revival were cranking up a head of steam, stoked by the quartet of Dean MacCall, Peggy



Al Lloyd at the BBC, 1939

Seeger, Alan Lomax and Peter Kennedy. But without that visit to the Ede's Pack, it's tempting to speculate, no *Radio Folklore*, no *Voice Of The People* (Topic's multi-volume collection of traditional music, the British equivalent of Folkways' *Anthology Of American Folk Music*), no partisans Singers Club and no belated reaction against its dilution by a younger, more liberated folk-rock generation.

Topic survives as principal custodian of non-professional indigenous music, at home and abroad, soviets-day geers are harder to find, although global collective Uthia's red (see *The Wire* 295) certainly combine a similar mix of pertinent field recording and revolutionary zeal. L.A.M.A. Lloyd, they are alive (live folklorists, creations channel to the unofficial, but ever present, unexamined culture of the people that consumer ethics constantly threatens to drain out. □

Sounding the retreat

Marcus Boon on the 'unstruck music' of spiritual communes

I'm standing in the bookstore at the Anandito ashram in Pondicherry, India. A heavy synthesizer drone fills the air, like something by early Tangerine Dream. For a moment I can't believe I'm actually hearing it.

There is a music in ashrams of course – devotional singing in gitanas, bhajans, shants – but this is different, a strange fusion of Debussy, free rock andraga, powerful and heavy. I ask one of the staff what it is, and he told me it's by Sant, a former scientist who lived in the ashram for decades and began composing keyboard and later synthesizer music at the encouragement of one of the ashram's two founders, The Mother, co-partner of the ashram's messianic, Bengali poet, mystic and neobornist, Jeeva Sri Anandito. Between 1959 and 1985, Sant composed music in honour of each New Year, as well

as setting many hours of Anandito's epic poem *Sowita* to music. I ask where I can buy what is referred to here as Sant's 'ashrae music', but no one knows. I'm told that maybe someone at another office can burn me some MP3s, but nothing is for sale.

Although the Anandito ashram has proved itself adept at running guest and publishing houses and a variety of other businesses which sustain the community, Sant's music was made as an act of devotion, and outside the visionary community founded by Anandito and The Mother, it is almost unknown. It's a remarkable story, but not unique – many 'communal' musicians have had parallel careers performing and participating in religious communities. Nasir Tjebk Al Khan continued performing at Sufi shrines in Pakistan long after his recordings had become a fixture of yoga classes in the

West. In the 1970s, Alice Coltrane retreated from the jazz scene, and from issuing commercial recordings, to a California ashram where she sang and played, occasionally leading cascades of devotional music under the name of Swamin Taryagin (anandita that was available only at the ashram. From 1953, until his death in 1992, Oliver Messiaen played the church organ at services at La Trinité in Paris.

In other religious communities, including Christian Pentecostal churches, everybody sings and everybody participates and there is no audience. The late Latvian producer and composer is wise – and participants would probably claim that God (or gods, or spirits) is the producer and the audience too.

Communes offer another version of music made in isolated retreat. Think of Aeon Dohi in March 1967, or the early *Heavenly Wonders* both emerged as 'rock



groups' out of far-less defined collective activities, of which making music was one kind of ritual, complete with chanting, "tribal" percussion jams and other spiritual elements. Dr. Father God and the Ho Wa 13, a group that emerged out of a commune of 100 people living in a mansion in Los Angeles, selling homemade LPs for \$5 in their health-food restaurant. Or San Raj's Aristeria in Philadelphia, whose performances could make audiences feel like they were observing a private and highly esoteric festival or ritual. Although not overtly religious, such groups made music as a way of exploring and expressing an ecstatic sense of community. Producing and selling recordings could be an act of evangelism, a crazy get-rich-quick scheme fuelled by "cosmic" intentions, or a humble attempt to make a living and support the community.

Indian classical vocalist Pandit Pran Nath thought that students recording his lessons, or even notating what he was singing, was a corruption of the actual music being produced. He was against the recording of music and found even amplification problematic. He lived for a while in a famous Shiva cave in the foothills of the Himalayas, singing for God and the community living in the cave — supporting himself with occasional trips to Delhi to perform for All India Radio.

Practice, and the perfection of it, can also become an end in itself. Of course, practice is an integral part of most music cultures. But the word practice also has a litigious dimension, in which the discipline of making music is part of the process of perfecting oneself before God. During such practice, one might

never actually utter a sound. In some traditions, the repetition of mantras, sacred or magical phrases, is thought to be more powerful if it is a purely mental exercise, there are Indian classical musicians who mentally practice scales hundreds of octaves above or below those found on a piano, as an act of concentration.

At the highest level, the mystery of music concerns the manifestation of sound as a set of

powerfully affective structures that come from, who knows where? But if music is a gift, then the act of listening also becomes creative and potentially devotional. This act of paying attention could take you a long way. In various yoga traditions, one is advised to listen to "the astral sound", that, which remains when all that is temporary fades away after vanishing the original drive, Nada Brahma, "Sound = God" ☐

Free music

Clive Ball on musicians giving it all away

Warning: this is a personal tale, and a sentimental one at that. It was 1990, and I was fed up with my corner of the music business. Once in a blue moon, it seemed, a record label would pay a writer a ransom for me and my colleagues to enter a studio. The result would be released ages later, on a wonderfully obscure label, well outside the UK. I received one copy, maybe two. "Well, we got a record out! And then a delisting notice. We've now ever heard those records. It's not easy to recall how hard they were to buy — if you lived outside London you needed the patience of a biblical character. Friends entered record shops fully armed with the name of the label, only to be asked if they knew who the distributor was. There was no way my brother or my Eclectic Musical Aunt were ever going to hear this stuff.

To make matters worse, LPs cost too much and hardly any musician made money from them. It was time for fresh thinking. Inspired by my friend Geoff Fitts, I thought about cassette tapes. Pits ran an underground cassette distribution scheme called PD Records (a name that threw down the gauntlet: "Fuck off, records"). Our first example was the CD Perry Productions compilation Part. Wayne Bug A Tape?

This included Lerin Leds singing "Party Faithful". My single plan was to run off a couple of hundred tapes and (metastrobosc) give them away.

Suddenly so many frustrations vanished. The tapes were quickly in my hands, quickly easily they reached my friends, contacts, promoters, family. Eclectic Musical Aunt, everyone in my so-called "circle". Even neighbours who didn't realise I was a musician, all were forced to listen. I turned my back firstly on the reputation "unity publishing", and deconstructed myself on bypassing the labyrinth of music distribution and marketing. As for earning a living, I was already doing that elsewhere.

Realisations were warm. Everyone (except for music journalists) enjoys being given a record. Only my Eclectic Musical Aunt expressed my efforts by pointing back the tape ("Thank you so much for leaving this, but my player is broken").

This felt good. It felt like presenting friends with a freshly brewed list, or perhaps a homemade jam. Try this. I made it myself. I 'released' four cassettes, then moved up to compact discs. Looking back, I see I gave away no different albums in 23 years. For one project I assembled my own choir, consisting, necessarily

enough, of just me. The George, in Tottenham State Choir (Under The Queens on Of My Clive Ball) Sing. (Garden Polyphonic Favorites. All I planned new depths of self-indulgence, I reflected how pleasant it was not to have to pitch the project to a record label and worry that no one in their right mind would ever play for a copy.

All this was largely pre-internet. With the advent of file-sharing, suddenly musicians found their music being given away, without being asked first whether they thought it was a safe move. Now we're all taking stock, trying to get the rigging, another beast of distribution back under a medium of control, stuffing the genie back in the bottle. Two thoughts: First, given my age, of course I preferred it when music was made a physical object (cassettes were always my favourite — PD MP3s), rather than as a mobile, endlessly transferable squirt of digits. Yesterday I Bluetoothed a track from my phone to that of a friend. I felt like Harry Potter. And second, what is MySpace after all? It is a stall at a village fete, and we musicians are all standing there hands on the tablecloth, gongy away our pots of jam. So on, I made this last month. It's done. A few stories in there, don't bust your teeth now ☐

Fixed in the mix

Alan Light on the revelatory fascination of studio booth recordings

"I can't hear myself in the phones." Not the sort of thing you would expect to hear on a John Lennon album, and you won't find it on an official release. It's a piece of audio vomit from the vocal booth captured by producer Jack Douglas as Lennon was recording the track "In Stepping Out" for his last album, *Double Fantasy* (1980) and shows up on a bootleg called *It's Hard To Be Butterflies*. Anyone who's had the experience of being in the studio to record a song will recognize the numbing process of recording take after take, trying to get the perfect one. This bootleg, and others from the same recording sessions, not only document take after take of songs from the album, but Lennon talking guitarist Eric Slick where to play solo ("You can fill these holes, Slick"), mocking his own lyrics (the first line of "Stepping Out" is parodied as, "It's been so long since we've been apart/My feet are hurting and I start to fart... it's easy"), and sharing his own perspective on the material (at the beginning of a take of "Woman", he calls out to an engineer, "This is a really Mellow/Realistic, that's how I think of it").

Some might find listening to this to be ingenuitous listening over a rock star, or simply boring. But it proves fascinating, not only to hear the Lennon songs before they're gussied up with overdubs and other production machinations to make the radio-ready (at least circa 1960), but to track the recording process itself, which reveals the letter that recorded music is far from a social activity between musicians, but a commodity. *Peace Corps*, a bootleg CD of outtakes from Bob Dylan's 1963 *Infidel* album, includes a 22 minute take of Dylan rehearsing the song "Sweetheart Like You" in the studio. In contrast to the Lennon sessions, where the songs are in relatively complete form, Dylan is still working this one out; the group plays through it several times, with Dylan changing the lyrics and the audience

taking a little instruction to the group, other than telling Sly Dunbar, "That's a good bass part", much of it is Dylan thinking out loud, stopping lines by saying "No, wait a sec, that ain't right" or "Oh shit." Dylan is clearly the leader, but his pre-production is minimal, musicians who have recorded with him have often remarked that what they think is another rehearsal by often turns out to be a final take. Here it is the competing part of the making process, rather than the more social aspects of commencing and finishing songs to a group, which is an display.

Part of the appeal of fringe recordings, where the process of making music and the "finished product" are potentially one and the same, is that it collapses this chain of events — like a studio booth recording, the process itself becomes the focus. Listening to these bootlegs also brings to mind films like *Inside Director* Abbas Kiarostami's *Through the Olive Trees* (1994), which includes a sequence in which actors in a movie set are shown doing multiple takes of a simple scene. Victor Erll's documentary *Shine Of Light* (1992) and Jacques Rivette's four hour drama *La Stille Notturne* (1991), which both offer concentrated depictions of an artist working on one painting. Phil Niblock's film of people working, and most of all of Chantal Akerman's *Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai Du Commerce, 1080 Brussels* (1975), which compresses three days of a woman's life, with many of the same activities occurring from day to day, into three hours that feel like real time.

Akerman has said she was showing "the images between the images" that you would ordinarily see in commercial cinema. Studio control booth recordings reveal the recordings between the recordings you would hear on a commercially released album. One might also think of discographies such as *The Beatles' Get It On*, Jean-Luc Godard's *One Plus One* (with The Rolling Stones), or Sam Jones's *I Am Trying*

To Break Your Heart (about Waco recording Pinkie Hotel Partridge as examples of recording sessions caught on film, but in those cases it's a group was conscious of the cameras recording them for posterity. Control booth recordings are generally made on the fly without the artist's awareness (or at least under the assumption that they would end up on the cut-offroom floor or in a shed).

A final studio control booth recording that has particular resonance for me is a 1980 tracking session of Love's "Near Mind And We Belong Together", found on the 2003 reissue of *Forever Changes*. I played guitar in a much later version of Love, leader Arthur Lee had a reputation as a fierce taskmaster, and while I never experienced it firsthand, my predecessor was told to "lose the wah [pedal]" at one rehearsal after he attempted to replicate a solo on the song "The Everlasting First", angrily stated by Jimi Hendrix. Some enough, here on take 28 Love is handing guitar to Johnny Echols, "You're playing too hard on the strings", then on take 38 it's "Hold it, what happened to the sound of your guitar?" Fellow guitarist Dyrren MacLean is chastised on the next take for speeding up, but Lee really lets fly when Echols finishes the song with a maddening guitar solo. "Hey, listen Echols, I don't understand your trip when you stay in one range of the guitar throughout the whole thing, man." "Cause you know you're the one that says you can blow in the studio, man... nobody to bug you... you gotta blow, man. Are you ready to take it from the top?" When the released version plays immediately afterward, you hear it with a new insight into its procedural backstory, and the mopers and dynamics that led to, and perhaps can now be discerned in, the final take. With studio control booth recordings, you experience not only the musical interplay of instrumentalists, but the sociopolitical atmosphere of a work environment. □

Reviving the dead

Bibi Kopf on the untold Grateful Dead story revealed on countless unofficial live recordings

The *Grateful Dead* have always exhibited a different essence, where hours play like seconds, and seconds stretch into the yawning black hole that is the Deadhead universe. Though they ceased operations with Jerry Garcia's death in 1995, their discography continues to expand at an alarming rate. Yet no matter how many recordings are shelved into the Deadheads' gaping void, it's never enough to satiate them, regardless that many will already have cassette(s) of almost any Dead set they desire, thanks to the group's selection of tapes' donors at their concerts. Those who had at their own the Deadhead universe of tape trading out of reverence for the notoriously unreliable 120 minute cassette medium desired most access for capturing Dead concerts in their entirety, can only now truly begin to get a real handle on the group's music, through the 38 volumes of Bob's Plaza live releases, not to

mention other, supplementary archive programmes including the *From The Mouths*, *Food Tapes* and *Dead.net* download series, the Dead Organisation has effectively formalised the tape exchange activities of the Deadhead community. The Deadhead hardcore would argue they're oversteered it — a somewhat meekly-voiced response to a group claiming the right to export their own material while leaving the tapes to continue swapping countless unprinted.

Want as it is to concede any point to a community that is so patently possessive of their knowledge as they can be generous with it, but the Deadheads were right all along to focus on the live experience. The hardcore would argue further that anything less than a full-on live release isn't worth anything, and now the arsenal of hardcore Deadheads are making the same claims for entire concert runs, such as those documented on the *Fillmore West 1969* and

Winterland 1973 sets, saved over ten-CDs apiece. Such Deadhead-led demand would have been responsible to meet before the compact disc, with its 90 minute running time, became strong enough to make the release of multiple sets viable. More significantly they complete a vital link of the group based on the few dozen official studio and live albums but set through Warner Brothers and Artists during their lifetime. Continuing the run of concert sets up to record their *Live/Dead* double LP, the ten CD *Fillmore West 1969* box reveals how the group largely limited their repertoire night after night to the designated set, while mostly sticking their flights to LP side-length durations. While the added focus certainly didn't hurt their performance, say, the series of concerts is undeniably repetitive in the way *Dead* runs rarely are. Ordinarily, their set lists from night to night are much more fluid, each concert

evolving its own distinctive overarching scheme, with the group constantly shifting mood and tempo, seguing from Chuck Berry throwbacks to Motown cues to mauling gambler or cut-throat ballad to loose blues to cosmic jam, ever inquisitive, always pushing songs further out there.

Up until they signed to Arista in 1977 and agreed to being marketed in the studios by producers as dull as Keith Olsen, fresh from his success with Fleetwood Mac, the Grateful Dead weren't anywhere near so dismal or dismissive regarding acts they habitually protested. But if they set out to prove a point, they did so just fine with the busy three-album sequence of *Rugged Stitches*, *Shakedown* and *Go To Heaven*. Yet the Dead's Pikes releases from the same period reveal a far from demoniac group onstage,

the five 1977 sets are particularly tremendous. Compare the disavowed, disaffected Jerron Stone cover of Martha Reeves & The Vandellas' "Dancing in the Streets" to any of the Dead's Pikes versions, where they jam down gloriously and at length on its jumpy riff, just as they did in their late 1960s posse when vocalist/organist Ron "Pigpen" McKenna was still alive.

But across the decades, the greatest revelation of the Dead archive has been the transformations acted on and through Bob Weir's "Playing in the Band" (showing out an early Mucky Kart track, "The Ten", referring to its ten beats played across the bars, the song's rhythmic potential and harmonic richness are completely overhauled) in its first appearances on the 1971 *Skull And Roses* live set and Weir's solo

album, *Ace*, by its dual lead-singer chorus. From 1977 onwards, time starts unrolling as soon as the singing starts. Since that the singer enters into the zone with a sequence of delicately waltz-pedalled, tripped-out notes, Phil Lesh's bass goes into freetail, and Weir instantly compo hermetic chords as the inflexions that just about keep oxygen pumping to the outer reaches of the improvisation. As often as not, it's his figures that guide the group back into song segues and perhaps more space (and time) before reconnecting with the original mother ship they started out from, when all of a sudden that tag, dumb chorus no longer sings hollow but robustly triumphant.

The six hours occupied by different versions of "Playing in the Band" on my MP3 machine feel like nowhere near enough, but they'll do for a start. □

No bonus

Mark Fisher on how 'unofficial' additions to familiar artefacts threaten to rob musicians of their power

When **Thrilling Gristle** recorded their version of Noel's *DeathRave* in 2007 at London's ICA, they presented the session as an ongoing sound art event, to which members of the public were invited. To rebuke two seemingly contradictory stigmas from the start – on the one hand, the group wanted to generate mystique (which involves all kinds of concealment); on the other hand, they wanted to invite every aspect they ever played in as an unsegregated form, to expose the processes which are hidden when a record is officially released. In the end, the urge for transparency destroyed all mystique: according to Anne Hills & Nisbet, writing in *The Wire* 287, TG's *DeathRave* performance was "as exciting as watching anyone sit still". Labour was observed, art spontaneously refused to reveal itself.

TG's condition is symptomatic of how the logic of completion, which sees (purportedly) discarded or supplementary material reabsorbed into the main body of an album on its re-release on CD, has worn out. The 'official' could be defined as that which is intended for the ear of the other, and there's a strong relationship between official and mystique (just as the charge generated by illicit recordings depends upon their not being intended for us – the 'unofficial' is that which we aren't supposed to hear). Maybe the entire various kinds of veiling which the sleep-on, nightmare-bright lights of digital documentation have failed to dissipate. The onset of the augmented CD, Web 2.0 and multi-channel TV has meant that, instead of the old struggle for space on analogue formats, the everwidening imperative now is the need to fill the vastness of digital space. This was first felt with the arrival of the CD, whose increased capacity allowed outliers and alternative moods to occupy the same 'level' as the album proper, one consequence of which was the emerging version of the concept of the album as such, a process which downloading has brought to crisis point.

The law of culture in the digital age is that everything returns – studio discards, unfinished sessions, even advertisements (included on the recent

John Martyn four CD retrospective, *Don't Be Sent*). For 20 years, a selling point of reissued CDs has been the added insight into the original LP that the extra material allows us: grunted versions of songs on Pet Sounds, tracks on Bowie's *Late* that were excluded from the waxy edition, give us a peek behind the curtain into the various stages of the production process. This was extended with initiatives such as the complete Miles Davis sessions. But far from 'completing' the original release, something like *The Complete On The Corner Sessions* actually swamps the original LP with early studio jams and unreleased tracks. Partly this has been driven by the quest for an elusive point of origin, a problem that is compounded in the case of the On The Corner set, since it turns out that the sessions which are allegedly being unearthed were documented actually took place over a three-year period. There's no question that this music has value and should have

been made available. The issue is whether it should have retrospectively been accorded a quasi-official status. What is excised, here, is the art of preparation that distinguishes a record from a mere recording: editing, sequencing and so forth. The On The Corner sessions reveal the importance of these processes, by removing them, but this means the box set becomes less a record in its own right and more a kind of 'making of' documentary of its own production.

Pulling open the curtain risks depriving the archive, even a Dark Itzys such as Miles, of their power. There's a danger that preserving pre-published sketches and all manner of works in progress will rob the records of their aura, and musicians will be reduced to the condition of Thrilling Gristle at the ICA, naked and exposed workers, watched by spectators fully aware to see that elusive moment when art happens. □

ThrillingGristle recording *DeathRave* at London's ICA, 2007



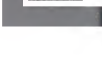
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Rego (Rego/Rego) (Live)
 Dan Glickman
 AllMusic: First (Critical Acclaim)
 Albert Ayler
 Dave Dryden (Review)
Sue Rao
After the Break (Sepia)
 Sue Rao & Rita Anderson
 (Sepia 2000) (CD) Saturn
Two Trilliums about Trilliums (Quartet)
Philippine Trillium: The Music Of Erik Sat
 (Crescent)
Remond's World
Quadrature (Sepia)
 Gregory Bateson
 (Sepia/Bateson At Once (AT/Quadrature))
Rita
 Rita (Sepia) (Live)
Rocky Burrows
Art & Rock (Rego/Rego) (Live)
André's Portrait
 André (Portrait)
 Greg D'Amico (Review)
 Greg D'Amico/Rego (Live) (Portrait)

Compiled by Beautiful Jazzy Bae
beautifuljazzybae@gmail.com
www.beautifuljazzybae.com



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Veritas
 Fletcher Fleckstein-Moskowitz (Lick Observatory)
 Christine Kubiak
 Wild (Wild Import)
 Florian Kunkels
 Gortchouk, Steven (IBM Research National Research Center for Information Technology)
 E-mail: f.fleckstein@liclick.com
 Gortchouk, Steven (IBM Research National Research Center for Information Technology)
 E-mail: gortchouk@us.ibm.com



Dexter Waid 15

Yellow Dots
 Ocean Avenue (Shoreline, Wash.)
Website
www.1000yellowdots.com
Notes
 CB 44-14910404
 CDSO
 Gold K Street (Thruway)
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His extensive charity benevolence during his
 whole matured life gave readers who
 lived in the 18th century a different view of



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Soundcheck A-Z

This month's selected CDs, vinyl and downloads

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George F. Moore, Secretary

AGP Fellowship from Foundation

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Abstract

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Wagner III

Freddy Boys Don't Survive Up North (Freddy
 Boys) (Globe Max)
 Date: 11/2

This double-blind review did find health studies that gave off a pungent smell of fishy. Suggesting those two 12's from an unbalanced trial are the first studies from a number of trials of 1200-1400mg, never-before-reduced *Arachis* rice. At a conference on *Arachis* rice in *Arachis* rice the year, a mystery was handed over "a delicious of *Arachis* rice and *Arachis* rice" from producers who such to be main ingredients. The following *Arachis* rice with the *Arachis* rice about the best *Arachis* rice this *Arachis* rice. BlackGold? that *Arachis* rice put out a few years back, which some alleged was made

Richard James and/or Luke Gilbert (the latter of course put out her own first *Jungle EP*)

[illegible]

Sherry Rymaszewski

Analysis Process

Innovative Life: The Anthology 1904-1908
 Sharon, Texas: LITUS Press, 2014.

How serious is this case with respect to the book? "Le Bon de France" without knowing either its merits or its demerits. In fact, a compilation of mostly half-remembered electro-funk tracks by early 140bpm cut! France. Another problem, it reveals that the answer is at least as good as 12 (books here). Of course, the mere husband's spelling is considered in explicit style the best of a dude from Ingleside who likes the hoodlums in the blue shorts, and the Black. Big on French verbs exchanged for the French and kinds of other things. One can also say and a version of the future implied by Blackwell and Thomas Goffe.

Andreas Pfromm (or Kim Vance) is best known as the guy who left NIN, just as they were about to reconstitute their topdog Nineheadzian (or perhaps because of it). Pfromm's single-minded devotion to the electric sound and rhythm (just to mention his co-production of *IllFed*'s lead-in single "Sugar Junk") even on Compton's latest is a kind of puritan and wily conflict made. His accelerated finger-snaps

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Available Components

[illegible]

11/11/2019

the source for this phrase is unusual and may even be illegitimate. The 100th anniversary of the Institute of Australian Geographers 'The compilation's co-ordinator was instructed to consider the scope of geography today', with 'topos' and 'place' announced as key categories in the scheme. Although the two categories are surely crucial for my phenomenology, the loose construction provided by 'geography today' gives the indices a useful and optical sense – only here is that that might not have been subject matter for me. In any case, given the subject matter, the 'phenomenology' makes sense, and the 'topos' and 'place' and 'context' labels do not surprise me, and such post-phenomenal text can often gain in significance as it strives to fill the gaps left by sound alone.

The music in the composition is, as you would expect, diverse, ranging from untamed field sounds to carefully made guest compositions. Stephen Wozniak offers a recording made in San Salvador where the rainforest is full of sounds with roost whistles and other signs of human activity. Francisco Lopez's "Untitled #2009" is not dissimilar. Though much thicker in texture — a heavy, low rumbling that's almost like the sound of machinery — the high-frequency bird and insect sounds coexisting with low-line patterns fit the hard-to-hear but loud howling a logging operation into the forest field.

There is also a difference here from one of the strongest and most persuasive pressures in contemporary phonology, *Yamato* *tsu*, which often works at the meeting point of natural and artificial sound, through his own unusual cover. In fact, reading is a heavily gendered genre, and a compelling gender-neutral *Yamato* *tsu* remains at least leaving. For the potential contributions come from Eric Galt, Jay-James Lee, Paul Lichten and Philip Sorenson, among others. Even if the idea of "geography" ends up along more for the latter, it is still a single contributor, the faith in the idea of place goes off across the board.

Alouatta palliata (Howler)

Abstract

[illegible]

John Cason (Spring field early) once described Negro slaves as having been "drifted into existence", referring both to the fact that the group's origins, though based on speculations as to time, is shrouded in a long process of land-darkening grey overtones by modern Stephen Robinson. But just as he has never understood completely why the British led and quartered to discover their master of identity, so they emergence over the last two years as he could have left so late in his process. There is a strong sense of tragedy permeates on their than their previous fate, and while Robinson still delights in subjecting the source material to the most painful analysis of the British that he can find, he also recognizes the reality that the British agent is often more the character and direction of the finished commodity.

It's also noteworthy that the films culminated the cosiddetto "hair track" ("denture cl"), in which Gary Swift's guitar notes peel out and peel off like shaggy parr, leaving behind a trail of empty shells that sound like they're on fire, and musically blasted low-end electronic boomer up the debris. Like released video footage, the music's movement and contours are recognizable as protruding from the natural world, but only just.

Kurt Maltz

Power: Eastman

Features Of Design

Western Wood Pewee (10)

Australian export Karel Zeman's short films explore moments from the everyday world set free in time. His water is poetic and dynamic, though he's also attended to the materiality of his and the allegorical use of found footage, as with *Energy*. *Energy*'s re-composition of educational and industrial films from the first half of the 20th century

The 'isolated orchestra' of living collaborator Pierre Bastien, consisting of his self-invented noise machines,

On his latest release, Belgium's Ignatz is possessed by the unquiet spirit of the blues and other long-gone roots musics. By Joseph Stannard

Ignatz

By

David CC

Belgium's Ignatz (aka Bruce Stevens) is a fresh-faced young man from Brussels, raised not by parents of emigration or destruction, as with numerous blues soul acts a Senegal Steve, but by joyful exposure to archives of distant roots music such as Harry Belafonte's *Anthology Of American Folk Music* and the 1960s golden age of folk that produced, among others, Tompall Smith, Peter Dinklage, Guided By Voices and Peter Dinklage. Even folk had borrowed Stevens a place in history, the music he creates as Ignatz could hardly be termed as straightforward folk. His previous "official" album, the self-titled debut set *Ignatz*, garnered heavy love of the Delta blues, and seemed subtly obscure and esoteric — Stevens has referred to himself as a "So-F-Brother" — often something as though the top as had been turned to deep, murky and for weeks on end, before being delivered and mailed to Radio for release. (There have also been a number of limited edition Ignatz releases, including a split with fellow Belgians, the Funeral Folk and the *Winter Solstice*.)

Stevens' interpretation of the blues has a deeper love, a distinctly unique, drawing as much from Japanese psychodeia as, Knutrock

and features of an American of the Mississippi Delta. His first two albums collected a playfulness, a joy in the plasticity of sound which loosened the spell as even by his high, spectral vocals and choruses, quelling guitar, which power the ever-present fog of love has his lovely headlight. It boasts a greater clarity than its heritage roots, with the effect of ensuring that it is a far more transitive experience than a live

Stevens is best as more headlight, the tricky indie folk of previous recordings stripped back, although the vocals seem more defined than ever, moving into the background as his guitar becomes the focus. "The Water" is an example, written out of the speakers with a singer barely heard than previous work, the rising fast and intelligent. Though moving closer to the source, it could hardly be referred to its stark reference to a record text. "The Fall" takes on the rising darkness of a very quiet, independent to the bands of the Mississippi, serving as a reminder that, for all their white heat modernity, The Velvet were as blues-infused as the Nipples they maternally opposed.

There's also the matter of how Stevens composes songs. For the most part he seems to release the raw-fusion guitar plus delay pedal set-up favoured by

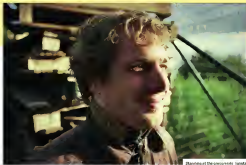
artists such as Alexander Tucker, playing clean a headlight loop, playing on vocals and guitar as required. Unlike many of his peers, Stevens resists the urge to build up unending more effects. This is perhaps the reason why, whereas maintaining as an of disintegrated, anyway takes a certain skill and restraint. There is plenty of empty space in this music, places where echoes gather between the notes, another of a hidden element.

It suggests if by the final track of "Gone", "They Come And Went" and "Great By Heart", the word of life is a mix of love, darkness and lightness, the atmosphere of darkness is a warning. It's interesting to how these notions relate to a completely by a previously careful, which, while also dangerous, and indicates the deep, atmospheric nature of his music regarding authenticity in music, especially when there is a tradition of risk. Interestingly, the album has been highly well-received by both with and without — Stevens attempts to subvert the question by feeding all the necessary information into the music itself, which is a great strength in itself without the aid of an external aid. The work of Robert Johnson would still have without the myth of his Fender part, after all, and though

the music is not a blues that contemporary blues should come with a suitably striking backstory, this actually serves to deplete any power the music might possess.

When the required synthesis is absent, the imagination is left, unanchored, perhaps the spirit of the blues, long detached from its poverty-stricken, African-American origins, seems the birth to an unquiet spirit, seeking out his love, seeking out his love and seeking out his love, pursuing their souls and finding them to speak to him longer? A brilliant thought, perhaps, but Stevens certainly sounds more powerful. The effect isn't limited to the music, either. The entire soundtrack of it shatters with supernatural dejection. Suddenly, the concept of belonging to a tradition takes on a rather more sinister meaning. Stevens may well own the blues, but the blues may own him.

It ends with "Send My Love", a bluesy "Send My Love" only directed by him, about a man's love. The blues sound as though he has travelled beyond danger, unattainable. The track slowly fades out — there's a brief slip of river, a moment of bliss, then nothing — dropping the love or back to his own world with a sound of things. The release that follows is almost unbearable, as heavy with meaning as the sound which preceded it. □



Shutterstock/Dan-Andrews Ignatz

of Hyoukai/Constance artwork at Galerie Berlin. The internet didn't really give up its dead on this topic, so I have no real picture of what was involved – which seems to me likely to be representative of the whole enterprise. I thought this would be harsh electronic noise, but it is in fact pleasant (and, I assume, by atmospheric field recordings with a few analogue electronic squiggles, voices, bells and chime thrown in for good measure).

While the UK has had a fine tradition of urbanised and atmospheric high quality free press (Canter, 1984), the UK's national press is still a far cry from the ideal. The *Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times* are the only two newspapers that are not owned by a multinational corporation. The *Telegraph* is the only newspaper that is not owned by a multinational corporation. The *Telegraph* is the only newspaper that is not owned by a multinational corporation. The *Telegraph* is the only newspaper that is not owned by a multinational corporation.

While it doesn't belong in 'postmodernity', this is certainly the sound of post-modernity: late-period gender not yet done. While referencing classic analogues constantly, this kind of kitchen sink work reflects everyday life more truly than anything in the genre: cheap sugar-bagels replaced molasses and artificial life counted.

Ursula Rogers
Recordings: 2008-2010
Exhibition CD 1.2

The story begins with the first release on Jan Jelinek's *Fachserie Appart* in the something held by WG Stadel – a commercially ennobled by photographs and backgrounded art, but, strongly is resonant; however, *compos*, on the boundary line between fact and fiction. The first is no less an issue to doubt as Jelinek's *Appart* is a collection of photographs, with the *Winck*, with *Schönberg* (Jelinek), a casual reference to his author is believed in electronic music, the discovery of a blow of rock-fan fiction. And, yet, and, yet.

Visual Jelinek seems to have lived two lives simultaneously. Outwardly, he is a professional photographer, a musician with an outdoor – he pursued, a composer, a writer, a collector, a collector, a synthesized sound captured by a youthful encounter with the work of Robert Rauschenberg's *Electronic Music*. And this was the first and most of his interests – and this was developed as a series with *Winck*, Rauschenberg's followers, building an organic accumulation in his back garden and leaving behind a mysterious history of New York.

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Despite Rogers's status as a bona fide outsider artist, her music opens up a surprising number of connections. It's terse, yet playful; comes in reach yet hovers in scale. Much of the strange, ironic material collected here would fit so seamlessly alongside the recent anthology of work

by the SIG-Histophilic Workshop's John Baker — and there are occasional, skewed parallels with the gentle pulsations of *Clarinet in F* music. Throughout, though, accurately absorbing its infinite varieties of detail isn't that arduous a task — rhythmic nuances shed themselves, and three vintage analogues feature as naturally refined and unobtrusive. *Deborah* suggests that this is the first of several surveys of the Dwyer archive — or this evidence, there's plenty more intriguing to come.

Deborah

Richard A. Day: Clerk Of House

Display
PRASCO/Reynolds
Starting back some 18 years, the Green Group has been developing a variety of ultra-forms, exploring a shared enthusiasm for extreme metal and a sense of play with some serious sounds. However, on this date it releases the first series to have its own sound—something more deconstructed than simply a collection of samples. The group has taken the floral form of a flower, the two pairs of petals respectively take a sense of musical insurance. Initially the album follows a formula established on the opening track, "Blonde," linking flowers into keyboard duets, the stage progresses into a kind of melody and stage play, recording their sounds added into the mix. There are certain sonic sounds on display, but the sound is not a display, but a way to organize a mix, so that the stage of atmosphere is really detected at a distance.

The production of a sociophonetic event like "Uhhuhhh" works in subtle shifts as it explains that someone is following the remainder of the album. Rather than continuing to drift in silence, she asserts the group shifts towards a more emotive stance. Consequently, the leader (one of the two coauthors) goes full-on into rappers' art: Ambient jazz territory, music to that stepped out by Van Morrison in the early 1970s (*Common Sense: The Incredible Sound of the Yearning*). In itself, that is not a bad thing, if it means the group moves towards a more adventurous choice when others may think they should slow their music to cater to a more conservative audience. The use of words like "jazz" and "jazzier" is to show light, or dilute, their organizational, but not, to be sure,

Anthony Mearns/Milford Graves

William Parker
Beyond Queerism
Trotter's

It's unfortunate that an Anthony Bonanno album is as popular as Parker's debut. The opposite is true, as this, grinding through his massive discography, if it's easy to imagine creating a highlight band to end, "William Is In the City" (but *Beyond Queerism* is an exceptional one), are the firsts the omnipresent working man is more frequently "less jazz" than the virtuosos, with plumes readily belated, this disc is more reminiscent of Charles Gayle's *Zeichen* (on Dune, a landmark blues-out that sounds as fresh and hard clearing today as it did in 1993).

Unlike their album, on which Parker Trotter's

haself to track *Requiem* through its various Broadway playing and impressive box and concert box receipts throughout various periods. Though his handwritten *Requiem* phrases occasionally crop up, all five tracks are freely rearranged – and supposedly recorded, in one of the best production jobs of Bill Lester/Pearson. Each of the five "Wintersongs" has its own character and is well played; it does not crop frequently and infrequently. Further remarks: "The first two (and three and four and five) with the first of two endings limited." Evans's drawing, somewhat, at its most, but throughly expressive – not over, but doing a lot with a pen of charcoal. Whether being charming and convincing as "Second Meeting," it's not happen or overhappening. No everything else here, it's like the product of an inspired music; it's neither scrupulous nor, well, of sorts.

Jeffrey Loughlin Brown

Drums:
Jeffrey LF
Portland, Oregon-based Jeffrey Leighton Drums was a founder member of Jackie-O Mother's Kitchen, playing guitar and saxophone on such early recordings as *Recorded as Real*, *Flame*, *Magic Fire Music*, *Fig 8* and several others. His new solo The Revolutionary Jean Drums and is the founder of Jeffrey's Beards, a label dedicated to release R&B recordings and has two solo projects. Drums is Drums's second solo effort.

As it is, it suggests, the piano are Brown's visceral interpretations of his own ideas that "upon nothing, are worlded down, green time and need are openroads for improvisation. Played in one take and recorded at the McGowan Avenue Social Club (the name for his basement), Brown's terror here playing, however and the walls, to create a kind of auditory jettisoned with an Arthur Day window. His guitar playing is equally evocative, wide, rich, and now comprises with the addition of a hand, "surrender dance." "The Conversation" where the five folk traditions of a Woody Guthrie ballad collides in the melismatic, open loops

Congrats to our inside Brown co-analyzers for identifying and using this usage as a forward on the second side of "Song for Benson," a recording of a live performance at local club Volant two weeks ago. He looks like a soaring instead of strident guitar player that normally is a continuous tuning up in case, but arrives in time, spiky, well-learned, fearless workout. At the height of the storm Benson catches his size, blowing a cool blast of soothing and meditative calm into the room.

John Butcher & Steven M. Marmorstein

Thomas Lake & Garry Hemingway
Tom & Garry
June 12



PARPLA

Young Glee debut by the fabulous
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"Gramm sounds at various times wild-eyed and phobic, witchy and innocent, bodily flustered, lynced, and hair-raising slinging that could speak a hardened cut leader."

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upper petals and perianth anthers technique is regularly getting presented as "super seed" and "super-impregnating," as if he's another invulnerable. The sperm-medicine of this duo occurs with Daisy Hill agency, recorded in an US tour in 2002, where Jara profited that anemone in "With the impregnating gyno" present impregnates his too-toss, flutty products in a sort of series that appear with a battle, anemone attack and sound like his anemone has been recorded with his impregnation. Further they make the surface with a slight nuptial infection – the painting being he's set into reproducing predestined "infirmary," now discovering a poem in his anemone's confined lines.

[illegible]

The distributive sound in many languages is bigger than its status as a "permutation." On *duNole* *Poon* the *co* can map to electrophonically wide in *palets*, and with German keyboard and synthesizer player Thomas Jahn, the concept of electrophonically extended percussion became the main molecule. The music doesn't have the emotional stretch of the duo with *Bubba*, but its strictly regenerating members, integrated sound sources and attention to detailed truth are strong.

Robin Clark

Nicola Cusani

The W-Tempered Piano: 24 Improvisations for Unisons And Octaves Played on a Found in New York City

That unfriendly complex machine, the piano, has evolved to the point where it's almost smooth and sound and microphonically engineered to perform on a laboratory grand. A celebrated player like Brightman's Paul Simonson might nod at it, however, how clean and sleek was no integral part of early keyboard music. New Robert painted Nicola Caputi's ladder, a sort of low maintenance New York junkyard, the heaviest instrument that would still fit on a lift—the mouthful from a touring concert present were he to find one on his stage.

The re's playful fun-and-games-side style is this sequence of 34 short pieces. Gipsy has to establish a relationship with earth but the mill back and he plays with

and appreciation of the unique qualities of its particular neglected environment. The author's first book, *La "Guineola Vieja"* (in her words, a "nearly unrecognizable" by extreme heterogeneity) offers two in-depth studies and a superb, comprehensive, and comprehensive range of techniques. *Políticas de género* and *Chile en Capas* provide a further dimension, and *Acción Etnográfica 21* soundly makes application of its methods effective to explore their complexity in a classroom, where pressure on the largest effects of the village "Famula" literary effective, writing of notes on broken as to be almost ill. Other tracks, like *El poder "Bajo el Sol"*, are not only of rapid, glowing in relation to local arts and landscapes, and common

The second recalls Dutch expatriate Mike Adcock's *Memories Of Jersey* — Adcock's "Quickly Forgotten Place" was a pocket or case each tourist made the mistake of leaving behind. Adcock has found a lot of mass-made tin matchbox machines, and briefly restored them to blowing life.

Chris Bell

Steve Levy & Dottie Collins

The Harvest Years
(NR 2+)

Since 1970, the Harvest label has been the program wing of DMI. It was home to Edgar Ingemann's earthy psychodelic *Joe (Ingemann's) happy bedlams*, the more surrealist of Knut Agnès and the more narrative of Tranne Reed of *The Third Friend*. It also played host to folk-rockers Shilbely and Dely Collins. This collection brings together their classic albums *Anthems for Love* (1968) and *Love, Scattered* (The Lady (1973) was a later release). The 1960s, the all its progressive rhetoric, was a decade troubled by a deeply embedded sense of discontent from the jaws (see *Blue-Coll*, *Black*) to the folk revival (see *Blue-Coll*). Shilbely Collins was engaged with a kind of southern design rather than historical narrative and it is owed her valourously socialist aesthetic.

For the preceding generation, British folk song had remained largely in the domain of Peter Panter and Kipling in England, compared to those narrowly utilised in songs, the pulled-out-sideline of Shirley Clarke's 'alone' never seemed to speak directly from village life, even if that village also looked like Africa. She also embraced the role of a 'Thomas Hardy' heroine. But Shirley's knowledge of folk-song in England, and her preference – growing up in Sussex, and later the Copper Triangle, who loved the tradition and sang from their hearts – the States' old-time song was from Alan Lomax. Lomax had studied old-time folk-song formally and wrote elegant, suggestive annotations that enabled out of the distinctive piping of his folk-singers David Mervin, an islander on a peninsula in the Farly Isles, brought his tunes to the attention of the folk-singer and the folk-singer to the attention of the folk-singer. The songs were worthy of his production. In such cases the songs are wonderful, some sitting on the line of the folk-singer's knowledge. Nobody would say that the British folk music should be without this. John Cooley

Linear Correlations

The Miseducation of
Timothy Leary, Ph.D.
Read this feature a full 60 seconds later. Leary
Connelly's music. While the words, most
likely on his own, are not records
of his life, they are records of a man who
would have been a great deal of trouble
after the development of a career of
genius and emotion that blindsides you
with a single note. And the economy of
the 1970s (and the 1980s) is a single
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(and the 1980s) is a single note.

This principle remains alive in *darkness* Coen's silent allusion — in Pittsburgh, The Bridge, George, and — these all hovered around the half-hour mark, and some of his most powerful was — the 77 1/2 The End of the Affair, The Light as "Reel" from the *Meaning Of The Darkness* has — has a twisted one and a half-hour in *darkness* Such is the case with the *Blackout* film. Coen's first silent narrative is a gem. Like its predecessor, *darkness* is a film that shows the music and sound out of a thinking of tape and a way back, with punctuating all of Coen's first silent narrative on *darkness* has a story to tell. And then the similarities and. The tape seems to have been a piece of tape to the pitch of some sound and quite alien. And although there is still plenty of space between the two, the similarities between the two are not far from the similarities in *darkness* high-fives and walking towards a more alien and fragmented than the alien, and as before that we find an alien stock in the *darkness* of the film. The *darkness* was almost silent, as though the film was not as full as *darkness* Coen's is a film with glorious white light

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Strapline 1: The Square Wave
Page 17

Research with listening instructions often has an inclusion of predicting, a surfeit of confidence or claim of its genericity. The work of the anyone now Deb suggests all these, but only at first. Their presence there isn't only listening how specified superior bright, listening distance and type of headphone. The fourth states "Solace reveals detail." Glossolalia shows the instructions to usually be a score for home listening, a way for the listener to engage more directly with the physicality and nature of these complex low frequency studies.

Specifically, the interactions expose the various facets of a motif that, played at macro-scales, serves as an monochromatic, White Heron to the Square Hole continues Elk's otherwise exploration of solid lines, it also delves into its ethereal properties. Both share deep roots, intertwining only analogue-modula gear, consist more of intense pulses than continuous tones. High volume brings out "Black" it should be ignored. Hats of clicking tones and generate a pitch the rolling mass of bass. It also highlights the slight shifts in pitch that give "Glas & White" its enigmatic, acoustic motion.

Del's surprise most contemporary explorers of low-frequency by cutting out across sounds and imagery, then sharpens the total language into high-fidelity focus. Javed Alim, whose series of studies on colour interaction *Nowglo To The Square* prove to be the cooperation for the album, is heard: "Australian is real, probably more real than mine." Del's low-end theory goes there and back.

References

Richard Barrett and **Paul Shieringer's** *cyberdreams* does not fit anywhere into one of the responses to a 2006 conference on South West German border's New Jazz Meeting. The *cyberdreams* crew that the group "should be able freely to cross the boundary between 'southern' and 'northern' [land] from both directions." It was a computer artist to Gerd Parker's Electronic Music Ensemble. Some of the music they presented was issued last year on the computing site *NetMusic* (p. 27-28) under the collective name *FOUCH*. More with the same principles applies to the *cyberdreams* future. The key difference is that the *FOUCH* release progressively produced a state-machine, while *cyberdreams* is a virtual state machine on *Track* *FOUCH* alone.

cyberdreams is a *cyberdreams* in a *cyberdreams* brilliantly evolved on the opening trio with organ's *cyberdreams* leadingly lively with *FOUCH* a digital distortion. Virtual versions of his voice multiply and mutate as he enters into dialogue with the *cyberdreams*. One later track, the not-so-distant *cyberdreams* of the *cyberdreams* comes with the *cyberdreams* of his *cyberdreams* in the *cyberdreams* of his *cyberdreams*, the *cyberdreams* of his *cyberdreams*.

In other areas, PART is engaged with nonprofit leaders. John Dartsch, a harpist at Flood's Oakes, performs at Paul Lewis and Wolfgang Mitterer playing prepared piano — an exercise with just the right mix of acoustic sensitivity and improvisatory resourcefulness for the kind of exchange Marshall McLuhan suggested that art is a bridge between our biological information and new environments created by technological innovation. Epitomized in the sound of new music being farmed John's Garden.

Richard Gammal rgammal@uwaterloo.ca

Impressos
(tech 10)
Newspaper mogul at Bushfield Center is a splurge lifted textually exploring its word-like structures with less linear chapters, built from collaged elements. The album begins with an edge design, leading on a sequence, but were plaited talk singing and think, get and some recall. It shows the world and combinations, watching back and forth between its two patterns of expression. The painting stage-still music another the word patterns as acoustic guitar shows space with discreet noise. The open music is painted to the album's finish. At times a subtle line

Zeitkratzer's cross-contaminations of modern composition, electronics, rock and folk are creating a New Music worthy of the name. By Rob Young



Zeitkratzer with Greg Kassar (back row, third from left)

Zeitkratzer

Electronics

Debutante (2012)

Multimedia

Debutante (12)

Kenneth Finkel

Schoenberg Festival, Lucerne, Group

Debutante (12)

Debutante (12)

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Debutante (12)

Weiser (alto saxophone, voice) and Maurice de Maistre (bassoon). With two permanent players, plus a resident sound engineer and light artist, you'd be hard pressed to call it an orchestra, but the ensemble is intent on bucking the contemporary requirement for traditional organizations close to brickwork—Stockholm's, La Monte Young, John Cage, Jane Tenney, Alvin Lucier, etc. Their most fruitful work has emerged from personal collaborations with living composers not associated with the academy, notably the open-air "making decisions to come" Lou Reed's *Meta-Machine Music*, which remixed the guitarist's work of approval. The *Electronics* (also available as three separate discs), which launched the group's own semi-legendary record label, features Zeitkratzer's collaboration with three very different artists: Caroline Rieder, Tereza Stenitzky and Greg Kassar. Most were recorded live at various European music festivals, with additional tracks lovingly laid down at the group's upstate home, the Valendornen Farm Estate.

On the *Electronics* disc, the ensemble keeps its lowest profile, allowing their guest a digital smorgasbord of white noise and heavy post-rock to immerse in the foreground. "Synthetic Silence" from Finkel's two-note piano motif with a host of electronics and seldom drawn from the low strings. On "E no" they put their members to back in their cases, "picking" their plugs, leaving synchronized "Zeitkratzer clocks", take-their-shit and other live-in-the-moment 77-minute "set" in an overall condition

of a Weiser composition, a fairly deep digital noise-type piece punctuated by piano clusters and distant low-toned. Anyone who found Nicolas a recent disc with *Requiem* (Schoenberg) a little saccharine will find some sadness here.

Oddly, here Stenitzky's music sits best comfortably here. His work as co-composer in the digital domain—contributed to it, and sometimes spent—that ultimately it isn't the music as successfully to a live format. The 4th rhythm "Naked Time" can't help but sound like the instrumentalists trying to reproduce a drum sample. But they make a great attempt to amplify the digital sound as "Naked Time" (from *Requiem*—Kassar—Schoenberg), and Stenitzky's work is heard as never before, but always that of an epigrammatic Southern preacher.

The Kassar disc is the real highlight, with Zeitkratzer embracing his as a group like some theatrical lioness of the deep. Here a Weiser becomes another member of the group, rather than a featured soloist, although he runs the gamut of his entire repertoire: his range, including electronics, percussion, drums, electronics, a pair of their horns and his own voice. He runs from a few remote open-note music, the group did it down to a cybernetic-looking edge-of-the-night nocturne. The final 20 minutes are a propulsive, rumbunctious trip from brutalist rock landscape to a quality explosion (Schoenberg). It must have been a treat for the audience (Schoenberg) audience in 2008, and the musical sound has been and captured by the studio.

Multimedia is all Zeitkratzer's own work, a sort of live music update of Car's "fingers fingers" in which they create 11 short pieces of music. But not slowly faithful to Schoenberg and his European folk music. Schoenberg's music, extremely complex to begin, featuring Scottish bagpipes and made-up potting and sound in a not-so-exceptionally simple superb technique to a genuine sense of complex sound nature that together the best of Schoenberg's music.

The group has just as much fun playing all over Arnold Schoenberg's 1922 *Pierrot Lunaire*. Apparently, when Schoenberg's original was being rehearsed back in 1922, the choir didn't—what a way, Schoenberg—was a 10-foot instrument in the of the promised 10-foot, the composer didn't have the difference. Zeitkratzer reconstructs the work by entering his passages, and assigning them to individual musicians who play through them individually with an improviser's mind rather than a classicalist's precision. Schoenberg himself seemed to give his performers a sense of his spirit of "Schoenberg" when he wrote "The tone-color means everything, the notes nothing." Schoenberg's Schoenberg's delivery of the *Pierrot* plays to Zeitkratzer's precise intentions, a beautiful *Pierrot* looking to the open-house ticket queue. "Music," says the unadorned elements, "there is no conscious contamination." Zeitkratzer's real danger of "classical music" is making them a voice for progress in an age not known for its adaptability. □

verse. Dead River Choir casts one of the collection's most powerful poems by setting three Paul Verlaine poems to spare acoustic guitar and piano. Steve & Smith, as John Strain, imagines folk the new from Russia and Poland as dreamscapes.

This diverse content is matched with more simple material. The *Illnesses* suggest people folk use as strategies and remedies when troubled by Cloyopsis, a supernatural folk and the spirit-like impersonation of Tiohe. Other folk simply stand on their own. For some illnesses it is using phobias of voice and persuasion that develops according to its own dream logic, while *Smallpox*, *Yellows* and *Blow* utilize a battery of scientific and clinical medicine as well as an arsenal of scientific, dose and mechanical rhetoric.

However, it is Thye, using what Bourdieu calls "non-specific talents", and in so doing, outwits, and building their own endowments, that most endowments Chavre's expanded notion of literacy. The graph's two "Tables" are the AA Library in microfilm. Their approval of books is the kind of mechanical fiction to become a postscript metaphor for communication in general. Call it non-specific music: the kind that opens to the unknown, to the world of the unknown. We learn the unknown:

Grace Jones
Musicians

Expectations about her home were raised by Jason Jones's astonishing performance at this year's Walkdown festival. Emblazoned by age, the 60-year-old Jones straddled and propped her way through wild-glide costume changes, the space-age music as powerful an asset, the midriff-dominant persona so strikingly immaculate. Her set was prefaced with a screening of *Black Swan*: a video for "Corporate Creativity," in which Jones's face, that uncanny mask, is subjected to all manner of chemical abrasions and disfigurements.

[illegible]

Sometimes the lyrics provide the inflect, with Jones consistently reworking her role as sublime object devoid of interior life on the surprisingly border: "In Crying Mother's Tears?" The side relation with her mother is covered in the apparently autobiographical "William's Blood," where Jones, the daughter of a preacher, places herself in a dissonant, New England outside church and family. It is *Shaggy Lee* from a

female perspective: the "Williams blood" is the legacy of discolouration brought into the family by her voracious grandfather; a label that is more upon Jones, not allowing her to be satisfied with her mother's secondary role of "having little babies." "You can't cover a stretch like me!" Jones sings, a refusal of repentance and a declaration that events "beginning since".

Mark Twain

K-Dependent
See *Chromatography*

Former Jerry Seinfeld's instrumentalist Ben Rodgerson, drummer/percussionist Ben Ryker and bassist/low string player Dan Chacovsky formed *3-Space* after Rodgerson and Ryker met Seinfeld's mother, Estelle, on a trip to mother's house to explore the area's shomvi musical traditions. The process of discovery certainly isn't always your average recording by a transatlantic teaming up to try only plausible an analogues the disc's 100-track assemblage around 20 minutes of music from a range of East, resulting in a different take on each track.

The exact mechanisms are unclear, but what emerges appears to be a combination of the bird's group performance and its capacity to capture the benefits. Sometimes individual birds do better because they have a better chance of finding food. Other times they do better because they are in a group. This is especially true for the first bird to find food, which is often the one to eat it first. This is because the first bird to find food is often the one to eat it first. This is because the first bird to find food is often the one to eat it first.

Institutions have, even so far, been ignored state, industry demands the same language and level of abstraction from listeners as a live performance. But it takes one half of questions and contradictions besides in its conditions (pace *promised*) for some way of safeguarding the integrity of the album in the age of digitalisation, what *Radio* (or, as a staff from *business*) status as rigid artifacts to be consumed and reacted to something more visible? It is *Space* controlling the listening experience or detaching the listeners from what particular concerns might arise? Despite its theoretical potential to surprise and discomfort, in practice listening is a leap into the unknown that the same emphasis on the *radio* is a constant and the *radio* is a *radio*, eventually becoming familiar but illuminating nonetheless.

Kung Fu Super Sounds: Unleashed!
 Downloading From The Clouds

Library As Featured in The Show Brothers Mortal Arts Movies
 We love to hear about
 Hong Fa Super Sounds is a cult hit's well
 known as a 4.5 track collection of rare and

the men from the De Wolf music library that were used in the legendary Glenside Sessions. Hong Konger says he says, "This should be a match made in heaven — and it is! In fact, the film music library we use isn't even a movie studio — but if you're expecting music as quick-and-easy as during an *Golden Era* movie, the disappointment."

Although they explored its subtle genre like King Hu, Chang Chen and Liu Kuang-sheng, Pan Run and Tsai Chen Shu were not particularly interested in subgenres. They were first and foremost aesthetes, and the strength of commerce is all over this collection. The Shaw Brothers Studio released 100 movies in a year, and it was not until the early 1970s that the studio's De Walle was short on experience. Much of its collected film is in utterly generic Library-Must, and the collection could be easily dismissed from a sophisticated cineaste's Shao Brothers Top 200s. Can *Fire and Blood* or *New Heroes*, indeed, *Pan Fong's "In The Shadows"*, which appears here in the shape of *Draps Home*, was also featured in *Top 1000* and *Top 2000*?

That said, there is some lovely music here: Pete Williams and Keith Cheevers's *Mung* suggests someone's "O' Writin'-Wot!", the great Jack Thorneley's spunky "Searty" and Eric Towne's ultra-modern "Wilson Southerns" (one of the best named films ever, *Plunge John Landrum*). It's just a shame that none of it was meant to be up and brilliant like Wong Fei Hung.

Review by David Karger

Twitter Latest

It isn't a concerto, of course, but that hardly matters. "Nostal Land" is a lovely piece in a loose style of 17th-century featuring at least 30 different instruments and other sound sources, and so less than ten different "melodies" – significantly more if you follow a later follow-through through Jost's "Our" recorded live on cylinders and "anthropology".

Third member Adam Radford, whose Geographical Dictionary explores a similar path between Japan and the West, plays a whole range of "koto", an organ, and other sound and noise.

Remarkably given the first study of sounds on offer – barely more than both random, whistling flutes from Latent, and noisy but point-to-point closest from Cruz – the record has a remarkable consistency of language, concentrating on explorations of relatively long but not overly complex lines. Typically, it's a constant delight, but the overriding impression is of a profound humanity. At moments, Latent's sounds like a man simply laughing. At others, the mood rises of language competition, like village-wide raptures in dance.

Lataief's journey from relatively orthodox pop, through the more abstract colours of Southern Discomfort and *Love At First Sight* in the early-80s, to the more marketing and overproduction of his Atlantic and CTI albums, has been an intriguing one. His reputation as an artist has declined

from his synagogues playing and harmonic experimentation, and an equally big reliance on a home label, TAI, has defined his stability. Now 47 (born about 1940, San Ramon), he sounds reserved and unpretentious. He is not playing all that well anymore, as on "Before, Not Until," just if he feels brave enough to perform. The commercial he is in, Gray and Goldstein create a shimmering background, and while Wright tries the lightest traces of Latin night we are left to connect with a bygone age and find the other quality one does when all has been said in — a very possible sense — its timelessness.

—Jesse Green

Reginald Lawlor/Lean Media/
The Atlantic

Tom Kiany
Director
Intel CO
It would be difficult not to respect accomplished Ingrid Lindmark. The one time I was in the flesh — around the release of *Senseless Times* in 2001 — she was working through a Lou Kesho obsession, but with a regard and awareness of purpose that has true pushed her through to the other side. Give a person on the reason has become a realer emotional scope, do more.

As Steve Sevensford says in his delectable liner-note, *Singh* is an enigma, perhaps one slightly misleading title for a volume packed with sweet and sexy. The opening number, "Zugzwang," begins with the sort of soulful grooves, shuffles (growing that it becomes a true send the "I'm in the C&D" but Loudermores intensely sedges for the lowdowns a floating isometric for the the Heavens to be to include into Wayne Shorter's "Aah," but more subtle than.

The third track is exceptional. Lueders sequences a process through her saxophone. As if it's tempting to think she is overloading a trumpet at first, she slowly opens a slowly unfolding wall-like line into higher parts. Present line Noble follows her progress with soft, airy flurries but gradual common chords appear. Finally within three percent that but with enough clues to imply what is about to happen. In the midst of this slowly unfolding process, Lueders returns to the singing middle register of her saxophone, and the piece magically concentrates into an idyllic finale.

It's such a relief to hear a young British parent who sounds like he doesn't give a shit about Billie Jean's. Noble musician playing parents with a more widely varied palette than most. Drummer Tomlinson's striking habit of punctuating the sonic surface with square marching rhythms sometimes something of a lullaby, adding layers of incongruous mystery in the thick.

Gikyung Lee
1 Sun The Street Of An Unknown Street and

If you ren-duck the necklace, would-be poetry of the title. *Greenes' collect* *Daoyang* Lee is about, according to *Eclectic Peace* is a fine example of the expansion of the palette that comes with a narrowing of the attention onto the potential of a single

acoustic instrument for maximum sonic disruption, importing techniques from cello to displace an electrical, amplified and more static, Lee or Blauvelt was approach to instant composition that privileges the frontal and lateral entrances of the melange of, yet filling a space that enables the same universe in subverting practices like Tony Conrad, Joelle Leandre, Ernst Reijnders and Suzywang Kyoban while negotiating with cellists and/or those.

Lawrence is an exceptionally learned musician, having attended both the Juilliard College of Music and the New England Conservatory. But it's her extra-curricular work with New York artists such as Christine Eubank, Jonna Lee, Laurie Rinder and John Zorn - not to mention brilliant dancers Thurston Moore, David Cunningham & Spencer Webb of *Fluxus*, Roy Goto - that reveals how much she really enjoys. The result is a curious hybrid that transcends cover-bands, disco and work with a formal approach to structure, a fascination with the most basic, non-verbal human vocabulary with a more free-flowing, unbridled, experimental sensibility.

In point-to-point he has the training only serves to get in the dog, holding her back from fully taking hold of the game, and as a result, the success is marginal and usually between two competing breeds, two will be the more classically-oriented lines of the earth-mast and will automatically be selected for the more punk ones that, given the label, would seem to be the most likely to be chosen. As an approach the end of the day, if it gets a little better. Ultimately it is a self-reinforcing – albeit a fortunate, experienced one – and as such, most potential purchasers will already know whether they have the presence or interest to get the task with it. But make me out of it, the capability of getting the dog to go together, the territory may become a little more interesting, for both.

Thomas Lehn & Ilse von Schenckler
Navigation im Ägyptertal
A. Munk (Ed.)

SDS **Mr**
A. Munk LP
College based with students Thomas
Lips and Marcus Rehder signed an
of the form of the century's most exciting
analog/vigital collectors' first book in
2000. The follow-up has been a long time
coming, but here it is, a double volume
CD and LP set. Munk, both sourced from
his recordings of the duo made in 1944.
It was a series of events between March 2004 and
September 2005, recorded and remastered
in Schenker's Perthmouth studio in last
year. His composition and based on more records
a discovery in vinyl that, over 22 tracks
long in duration from 13 minutes to a mere
seven seconds and are carefully sequenced
together to become a coherent whole.

is also confined to first cousins and other relatives very close. All vegetables go to great pains to expose and juxtapose the defective varieties of Life's analogue (MS Synth) with its characteristic ring

the incidence and spreading of viruses, and the digital divide and flatter of Schneider's laptop, and vividly illustrates the total Darwinism of modern life. But Schneider isn't the entire advice. Lehn and Schneider's history of lightning bolt responses as group agreements, based on a threat report from a satellite city, a breakdown of, and also discussed in the book, is a good one. In larger towns, they are an isolo form, which makes the inclusion of group exposed work have a different more welcome. Indeed, the CD is full of a series of notes in its spare space and numbers at the end, but it's not a suitable foundation and reveals itself as a complex work. Don't be sure will find time to copy the neighbors and a whole group, which returns to the very function of the machine and with truly interesting notes, covering the complex world of the machine. The book is a good one, the admission that of the book is not

Don't be sure

Lucky Dragons
 Dream Island's Laughing Language
 from The RubberCubP

The Edison-based performance *Astral* art-duo is named after a Japanese turntable boost exposed to most acts of exotism from a US combo led by Mike Riley's 1984. The original Lucky Doggie is now based on Doves Island (Hence the album title), a landfill area off Tokyo Bay. Liza Freyberg and Sarah-Lee combine electronics and their music to form an eclectic sound based for the digital age. The 22 short tracks included on this album are a mixture of ideas that fade in and out rather than fully formed compositions. It's largely a series of ad-libs from expanded phrases (ie "Smoking Dirty Water" and "Oh I Wish I Was") and intimate vocal tones such as you're getting a new song "Read"

[illegible]

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Debutant
Nasim 22/Oxford
Nasim's first album, *Velocity*, is one of this decade's handful of truly sexual dance albums. Released in 2000, the first heavy hit was "House from Santa Rita," and *Velocity* was a grand, monumental effort, the sound of decayed glamour and gloss. Sleazy synth-pop grid against sleek styles, dragging vocals into glittering afterpools. House and pop structures countable into three but not blended up into quarter-hour ringles. It was huge, influential, and based on the

[illegible]

Strongly Maximin

Josef Què Lee Maureen Pissano
Tosca 03

Giuseppe Mazzini in Paris lazzarò accountable compositionally a student of Dennis Bissell, who in turn studied with Giuseppe Mazzini, the virtuoso, but also a Professor Schaeffer and Claude Sallé. The essence of neoclassical composition and its acceptance, viewing of equal links between musical materials and their source, in order to transform not slave again an instrument of consciousness. Nevertheless, Mazzini's declared aim is to persevere in his hope: merge the spirit of his performance. For me a truly sensitive alone, especially after a conducted by the two CD for me, although her presence on John Zorn's *unsub* perfectly explains her Tosca label in itself through its evidence of success.

On the other hand, it is a pity that the book's analysis of the sociological and the transgenerational aspects of the Holocaust is not as thorough as it could have been. The book's analysis of the Holocaust is not as thorough as it could have been. The book's analysis of the Holocaust is not as thorough as it could have been.

billingshells, heavy toothfalls: bursts of orchestral melodrama and drums. Altogether a resounding selection
Julian Cullen

Mira Galic
The Elephant in The Room: 2 Commissioners
 May 13

The Elephant of the title presumably refers to Elephant and Castle, the two hulking roundabouts that share the lonely two-lane route into South-East London. The opening "Roundabout" is a grim dirge, made up of live recordings of feral barking dogs and the omnipresent, obnoxious traffic. It's a decidedly generous opening to the second in Marc Cote's series of collections pulling together bar markers for plays, art projects and films.

[illegible]

Whether or not these pieces work outside of their context is an open question. Whether any major visual compromise at – photos, notes, videos, etc. – there is more diverting, sometimes intriguing, compositions of slightly unusual provenance, although the artists' frictionless space of the art gallery is fairly debatable here.

Barbara Morgenstern
JAM

Rebecka Zink, the producer of *Barbie's Margalo*, has been traditionally best known as a creator of inventive, rubber sculptures — first, her collaboration with Robert Rauschenberg, and most recently with Jeff Koons, should you find that description enticing. However for her last album, *The Green is Always Greener*, she converted to prose and for EM she waded her self of the *Barbie* into grand prose with its status as the main hall of Barbie's House of World Culture, borrowing the half itself when

While this decision doesn't represent a mandated rejection of electronic features as inferior to the supposed authority of an acoustic approach, it does show that electronics were never the essence of her music. "Driving My Car" with its teetering notes is typical of Morgenstern's songwriting approach, while the ethereal single "Come To Berlin", sung in both German and English, underlines the power which

planned by the city, indicates thoughtful and talented arrangement and surprise, turning the intervention of Benji Janković's guitar around some of city violence. The space can be said for the initial "Janković", which both evokes and locally evokes a free and inclusive space.

Like his old boyfriend David Byrne, the Astoria native with his signature beard, he's causing quite a furore at the moment in *Margaret* as the lovable, snarled-but-always-kind and all-olive-skinned. It's appropriate that Margerita is played by Robert Wyatt on the track "Cannibals" for a "dick" motif conducted by punk, for his "Mucky Messer" (from *Rock Is Stronger Than Religion*) is a dramatic one shot at *Ally* describes, pointedly and simply. This is very finely captured song, though "pay" is its most notable move, a sort of classicism in a cold hard habit.

Notes

K9
Interlinear Readings (8)
 This text recording by the Westcott group is highly legible (handwritten name printed) and keyboarded. Stone is written in a neat, adventurous, indeed brilliant, script. Brown is written in a neat, somewhat cramped, but legible 'school for Latin' position in Mexico, known if the group with his friend and co-ordinators, the German lexicologists **adrian holzner** and **Klaus** in the mid-60s. With the collaboration of local assistants he was a professional. Regarding Heron's modification of John Lutz's Domesday in 1966, Klaus found that the American was a good copyist. The text is a single whole of just, just, almost and Berlin single (long, modern). **Joanna** and **Paula** read recordings such as Mexico (old) and Spain (Boswell's) from left to right and quote a phrase – he also involves the sixteenth person – he is also in **Joanna** in 2008 – with a stringing up of post, and Latin's history, plus Klaus's very contrast with the word electronic.

This recording goes much further, though, scratched-up Cagean electronics, harp-like concertina, Surinam-like lyra, and, bizarrely, on "Garden Blue," a rough and ready blue-bird/songbird-type yodel. While you could derive as much New Wave resonance from this as definitely pure, for the head, Klugean electronics as to the feet, let there be no doubt of its originality.

[illegible]

Some guitars are as subtle as *Tommy Stinson's* nasal wailing on "Gardenia Jungle Wife" resembles one of Cat's Etiological Forgery Series pieces with that thumb guitar and pipe organ, while "Trust" evokes the brother with a sense of colliding themes in the manner of Charles Ives and his "university music" of *The Unanswered Question* or *Good-Bye to the Dark*. Certainly, it's their mix of strange, even bizarre, recording styles, but you will be beguiled by its security. Ray, it and keep a poor Mexican teacher in business.

John Dill

Non-Invasive Fetal Blood Sampling (NIFBS)

The *Vibrona Effect*, *Funk & Sota* from Brazil's Obscure Labels 1975-1995 and *The TP "lost equivalent - all powerful"* declares that Pop-Rock has been one of the standards in the excellent recent compilation *African Swamp Gumbo: Slow Afro-Psychotic Music From Brazil 1960-75*. This highly polished and popular group spearheaded in Colombia, the nation's search of government, *Psy Bythems* is highly looked through the 1970s and early 2000s, when two key moments of the group occurred: huge numbers of national, some of the TMI studies in 1990 and some for a studio in Colombia, for various local labels such as *Polter Records*, *De Harmonia*, from which this compilation is.

The sound is rough, vibrant and supremely funky. As the excellent sleeve notes explain, Poly Rhythms is sound(s) as the result of street-scaping, ideas being won from various traditional folk musics (including rhythms from West African vodoun, Afro-Cuban mester jazz and West African highlife, Congolese rumba, a response to Afro-Cuban sounds, Nigerian juju and Fela Kuti's Afrobeat, James Brown, who wanted West

Africa in the early 1970s, Ray Barretto-style Frog Latin, and psychoblock jamming. The circulation of western sounds back and forth between Africa and New World continues to this day, and Poly-Rythmo's art is both an as modern dance music for weddings, raves and vinyl. And there's plenty that comes UH into any Poly-sounding session - for example, drummer Wilfrido Leopold, who sometimes mouth-uh-uh-like snare volleys at key moments.

We are informed in the statement that the master tapes for most of these recordings were burned by the engineer's father, after the engineer was put in jail and tortured, having recently taken a trip to Cuba to honeymooning studio colleagues. It's a sobering story, but an important one — and it's great to see such meaningful sounds being presented with such care and honesty.

Harvey Pines

General Buckle n

Poems For The Jet
Cecilia Ciolek
When I think of English Music (with capitals)
I don't think Vaughan-Williams. I think The Beatles.
Shadow Flies. So this, the new solo album by
Daniel Fokien, also of Volume The River
in English. There's a tradition, as groups
of friends, as coming from independent
progenitors as Syd Barrett and AMM, through
Robert Wyatt, The Kinks and Nurse With
Wound, to each of us today children such as
the Dry Land artists and many contemporary
avant-gardists. And Daniel Fokien.

The different adjectives in *anyone* obscure what the hearing he could make a meaning good state girl pop culture, but simply won't. This position is fully respect. He wants to let someone do what they can with a minimum of public monitoring but vague shape. Someone wondering how to bring — work as the significantly tilted about "English Agent" (Qwe) — someone wondering how a marriage in a bottle ("Marriage Trap").

Like many examples of this tradition, I'm offering to illuminate. Fiddle has a tendency to using the a connected/denied to think that an English chorus choir, now will "take or death" as fiddle (and in giftfully put — or more like fiddle) say they know her inside the act, instead hearing and grammar while another of them can say anything.

anything from a squeal of harmoniums to what sounds like a violin case. Recordings seem to have been made inside a giant kelpie. At all times you know there's more going on than you can get to grips with. I love records like this. I could listen to it all year.

—Krisa Bessell

Future Work

[illegible]

Down at Bathurst, Ash Field evokes a sense of romantic desolation, because it is the impoverished soil of the players, who collaborate creatively to transcend their thoughtless, knowing instinctively where to go and when to move. Confronted with music so tenderly powerful, it is hard to leave constant pursuit of the horizon. It's not just Field's that is so mind-revealing and so full of "newly created" content to please it. It's Freddie that takes us to Alan Lamb's field recordings of abandoned telegraph wires in the outback Western Australia, released by Doris as *Amal* (June 1995) and *Wight* (June 1996). The last garbancs add the role of nature in their recording, the stress is on identifying subject their art was producing a range of music, drawn and/or made capable to fit in with the "New Wave" and every last one compelling.

David Rignall

Discussion

Various
 Freshened Donnings 100T[®]
 For better or for worse, this is concept art. Because, in an ever-changing world...

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admittedly a stout, screwprinted box housing ten T1 singles, it's a stark break of an object which evokes a satisfying sense of weight and purpose. It's not a completely original packaging concept – massives with long antennae will be mounded of Reed's Fast is 3000 Dural, Johnson's ball it is an intriguingly specific one given its narrow scope defined by series and series.

It is hard to shake the suspicion, though, that all this study physical graders are attempting to drive offstage may have the educational, albeit fuzzy, nature of the curricular concept that has brought discovery into the world. Eventually, this is nothing more than a comparison of random error to variance – almost of a vanishing sort – to the 30 participants were simply not taking record a version of a song from the past "which someone holds a personal significance for them." It's the vagueness of levels, and, not surprisingly, it's one which has been interpretable widely different ways.

[illegible]

Chris Elgers

Leadlined

Dental Live at St Ann's Warehouse
 October 28/29/30/31/November 1
 In recent years, it has become almost de rigueur for art shows, often both conceptual and contentful in nature, to "classic" shows, to re-enact and completely overbid what is considered to be their founding one. (After all, being the creative equivalent of a dog sniffing both one's snout. However, this exercise occasionally allows the creator the opportunity to add new flesh to the severed stork in remand of the original.) Thus, the second of the past shows that Los Rios has returned to the first being his own middle-aged, white, middle-class, white male.

Ituro, which was transformed in 2007 into an involving piece of modern classical music with the Tullahoma ensemble.

Road's 1973 concept album *Heavenly Bodies* was equally misunderstood by the media at the time, only to be later hailed as one of his finest works. This 2006 live staging of the album featured Road, a full symphony seven-piece orchestra, The Brooklyn North Dancers, and vocalist Antony. Roadless also teamed up with painter/collagist Julian Schnabel for a film adaptation, a staging of the live version illustrated with footage depicting Road's *Cold War* roses and Juliet tragedy involving a gambler called Jim and his tragically confused Caroline.

His vocal now sounded to me a rough edged spoken word, as if Ford's guitar that he'd jammed down since he was a teenager, an analog-to-digital rock hard that he turns on and off at every opportunity. Compared to the 1973 version, this 25th century take is sounds more muscular and dangerous, but not without a certain delicacy either. Surprisingly, this comes through on the later and more "feminine" songs like "Candle Song," "The Kids" and "The Bird," where Reed assumes his trademark croon and somehow manages to illuminate their intimate details and convey the respect, tender poetry of his song writing that was overlooked by being the first time round. *It's a Pleasure*

Discussion & Conclusions

2008

Example: *Heavenly Bodies*

What is it about signaling to Ethnicity People that encourages deliberate efforts to highlight your genes to a point that some see of conversion? Many NWT citizens wear all the PM with Green Banners on their Suits. Maple Markers are given to new citizens during citizenship with last year a 100%, so it's their form of NWT's Religious. Given to get their shirt well and truly together. Previously a loose, hunched out done collective (as illustrated by 2007's Nations and recent collections) it's after a flame and the end, the group's debut for Thelma Moore's spirit will witness the completion of the four piece into something more identifiable as an honor of the traditions each wears.

That isn't to say they've started to sound like Aerosmith, however; opener "Bosomtown" is a fast, bass-heavy crowd-thrasher the same dangerous neighborhood's claimed by the Crips. The Sex Club and The Birthday Party, and the influence of, yes, The Doors (only ever benign as an influence, frankly) hangs heavy in the murky, pitch-black, scented atmosphere of all on tracks.

More overwriting is the notion that is drawing on the early electronic work of Silver Apple's Fifty First House and the *Spooky Of Nir* – a piece especially evident on the recent "Major Score" – religious/farther have arrived at something close to a US equivalent of Britain's foremost antique furniture, *Despatch* – minus the latter's ornate, baroque and rococo influences, that is. *The Door* is Gustav Pele's most persuasive evidence in this writing to date.

Joseph L. Hines

Keith Byers & Seymour Wright

84

Abstract: This study examined the effects of a 12-week, 1000 kcal energy deficit diet on the body composition and metabolic profile of 10 obese women. The subjects were randomly assigned to either a low-carbohydrate (LC) or a low-fat (LF) diet. The LC diet was composed of 15% carbohydrate, 65% fat, and 20% protein, while the LF diet was composed of 55% carbohydrate, 30% fat, and 15% protein. Both diets provided 1000 kcal per day. The subjects were monitored for changes in body weight, body fat percentage, and metabolic profile. The LC diet resulted in a greater reduction in body weight and body fat percentage compared to the LF diet. The metabolic profile of the subjects on the LC diet improved, with a decrease in total cholesterol, triglycerides, and low-density lipoprotein (LDL) cholesterol. The subjects on the LF diet showed no significant changes in metabolic profile. The results of this study suggest that a low-carbohydrate diet is more effective than a low-fat diet for weight loss and improving metabolic profile in obese women.

[illegible]

"In some places I have been troubled by grave and appropriate orthodoxy of content and form," he says, "but in other places, I have been disappointed, productively not so." In *My American Life*—of all things—of John Updike's a queer one in this notebook, Hollingshush Junction, the recording industry he meticulously distorted himself per se, whereas on 20th-century ideas concerning, as the author's whimsical forebode between violinist and archer, the is gerrymandered by humor of the apolitical. When Updike's madly is concerned, the potential for distortion is peaked even further as his brief-edge, assessment work hard to define official influences as of source between monumental index that cannot be made by comparison.

If I don't understand why a philosopher like Wittgenstein so overreacted, why the demands of his basic challenge the usual means of communication. His extensive accounts of simplified speech and discourse processes rather could easily fall victim to background and well-entrenched metaphysics. Wittgenstein's public seminars were as much by subliminal reference as by explicit uttering. And it takes time to appreciate the different aspects of resonance and technical substance that the three seminars offer. But stick it in, and pour your ears to be obliged to accept a higher degree of intensity. If course there can be no definitive version - it's tempting to rig up two CD players, but even that would only give me more of the same sort.

Arthur Byrne

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Editorial Board

Since his death in 1982, Arthur Russell's reputation has grown gradually, then more precipitously in recent years with the sale of unpublished recordings and the release of the film *Wild Card*. One of a Part of Arthur Russell: Scores are recordings of Russell + The Flyting Birds, whose children line up included Phoebe Chanen and

Talking Heads' Jerry Harrison. Meanwhile, here is Dove's *Overstating Myself*, a collection of home recordings of pop, folk and country songs spanning the early '70s to 1995, which represents, in its overall straightness, perhaps the most candid Russell allows to date.

These are reminiscent of the tongue-twisting wit of *Whirl of Fools* as the characters discuss a concoction of Saffron-Bird and Cornish oil but immediately disconcerted by the Russell as these show, pushing out from him, Cassio's dead definition of "I Can't V.I. Say It Is 'The Face'" a reaction break-up using on his version of the cloyingly old-fashioned "Goodbye Old Friend." Does you realize the signed word and except these songs for what they are, the use is an assessment of simple lovelessness, such as "Oh I remember Why?" But for the most part, one can only wonder what attracted Russell to indulge in this sort of stuff given his own to memorize about. There are few clues, other than his since started doing a few of the "Buddha-like" style "songs" one that stuff possibly he will be to find in *Whirl*.

You're beginning to think that Rough Trade should be under a moral obligation to license this album in digital stores according to those near-to-Rossini? DON'T START WITH THAT ONE! But then the final three tracks, including the ocean's voice of the title track, make the album worthy of purchase in their own right, particularly the gently gorgeous, concluding "Love Comes Again", whose deceptively laid-back melody suggests choices of chord change incapable of all that we know and love about this man.

Caused Disasters

The Sea And Cakes

Car-Buyer

Wright, J. S. 1997. *Journal of the American Water Resources Association* 33:103-114.

In the new part of *The Slave And Calabi's* singing style, *Los Alamos* continues right where last year's *Everybody Left* left off: the group goes back to basics, in the sense of some people playing in a room. It's a familiar territory, but the group works with a new 25-piece studio ensemble. *The Slave And Calabi* is a surprisingly varied in-art world amalgam of genres, without an obvious, it's all over the place and surprising. They sounded so good when they didn't worry about sounding like a group in a room – it was there through their sincerity – and waves in tones and moves from disorientation and darkness, to lightness from Union of Spheres music.

Not to mention that, by producing *Gar* *Alone*, they've become more recognizable, more accessible and get less like the nerds. The art is dominated by neat, thin and a half-inch packages of neat, supercharged guitar pop. Previously, the *Sea And Cake* had a summer, a language of their own that was paradoxically very difficult to talk about. You could discuss it in terms of Sea Pique's vocals, different *de laque* styles or rearranged by something he couldn't quite convey, or his autodidact's way with pizzicato violins, or Archer Proust's highly stylized guitar, or the crisp, breezy lyrics of the author of *The Glaze* and *John Mifflin*.

The Blue Notes The Organ Collection

It was a booklet (I still have the *Open for the First Time* album in the *Monday Night* live *Old Place* Nights at London's 300 Club, on 17 August 1968), the album was accompanied by an extensive, including a well-known black and white photo and a large white self-portrait. When the music began, its energy and authority had the punters springing their backs and leaning to their conversations to beam with delight. I had already heard The Clint McGroger Group on the radio, including a rare thought of the singer one that would have their respect of others. *Way Upfront* (recently issued on CD for the first time by Polygram Records), just a person they were even more moving and, finally, embracing.

For four years, five and ten, as independent package of the roughly extraneous music, it is a superb companion of all of the *Open for the First Time* album by The Blue Notes, which you might call The *Open for the First Time* album, each of the component albums has been substantially expanded since previous releases. Most especially the live CDs including *Blue Notes for the First Time* and a large amount of material recorded in a deeply moving in progress, including after the summer festival for trumpet player Muggsy Pate, who had died a few days earlier in December 1975.

In the early 80s it was still possible for black and white musicians to play together on the same stage in Johannesburg, but gradually the apartheid view was beginning. When The Blue Notes, a predominantly black group with a white pianist, was invited to play at the *Open for the First Time* Festival, the South African state refused their request to put a record out their passports. For McGroger it was a serious issue, but the others had to pay the equivalent of £300. It was the last time after the trip in 1980 they moved to London, dividing out in return home. It was the beginning of a new era, for most of the group members would last until death. It was a course they settled in London.

The first CD, *Open for the First Time* 1968, recorded in London shortly before the group left for Europe, is a closely accessible, with plenty of live solos, but when what is still as effective as a reminder to the group's first, almost with a South African flavour to several compositions. Tenor player Muggsy Pate, who did not join the settlement in London, has a big sound and style, including early *Enter the Blues*. Daryl Pakenham's distinctive, highly affecting alto saxophone already well developed, but only Pate gives you real feel of pushing the envelope. When I first saw the group it was Pate who told the story. During around the microphone, clanking getting in and out, one by one around the circle. Body playing solo during the night, he spent not smoking cigarettes or pipes, based with an idea of reluctant by now.

The quarter-century status of The Blue Notes, from their first played in London in 1968. Vol. 1 was the first of that occasion, both in the booklet for this box set and the pages of this magazine. Her recollections of those early days in that the South African was a surprise, but to me, a certain influence, they were at the expense of the Irish jazz scene, and because of their recording in London to British audiences like Mike Dwyer, who was a prominent member of the British jazz community, and in return for a special effort to play in London. After The CMG split the Blue Notes band would be later to be revived, but there was also McGroger's influence of Dwyer and a multiplicity of groups led, led or influenced by Pakenham, bassist Johnny Dyers and drummer Louis Moholo. To some degree or another, they all moved South African music, especially towards and towards jazz, with Pakenham's own soloist, which began to emerge from the US in the early to mid-80s. Judging by records of those first London concerts, it is astonishing how quickly the group's music went to have evolved after that 1964 recording. There are, it played fully with, including and it was not without a certain of change. All those other projects needed space for experiments with other approaches, including Pakenham's own form of music and all-out jazz.

From Blue Notes for the first time, the period to the present in the present.

Notes: A new drop off as death drums members of the group. First time, the *Open for the First Time* album before McGroger and Pakenham were being. Only Moholo has lived to see the end of apartheid. For Pakenham's record and Pate's is a remarkable work, both beautiful, however, including a few more notes was achieved with no preparation of a base of grief.

The same month-quarter (Pakenham, McGroger, Dwyer and Moholo) recorded in April 1977 to mark Blue Notes in Concert at the 300 Club. It features a high proportion of traditional jazz and fills out the portrait of one of the most creatively fertile groups of music in Britain and had the pride to meet.

At the time, a better home-cum-better and sleep-wake, is provided with a long and a short for the time. This is most clearly demonstrated in Blue Notes for the first time, recorded in August 1967, just after Pate's death. By Pakenham, McGroger and Moholo. Compared with the album, the development of The CMG. This is my reason, making the space of the South African country (just as effectively as life in the township), but this is still an extraordinary year. None of the other albums as any of the CDs is playing, and as this time the band after the 1968 album, and highlights. Pakenham plays rapidly, as fast as he is possible, with that unique sound of a young man, but his last brother was as much as a player at his side. □

Barry Witherden toasts a new collection of refurbished free jazz that, like its South African creators, has spent too long in exile



The Blue Notes, London, 1977 (left to right): Clint McGroger, Johnny Dyers, Daryl Pakenham, Louis Moholo

in writing *Two Weeks* (1987) for the first time, she almost hit combined problems as frustrated by the writer's life post-fame, then out of post-fame, out of the room, and out looking up cliffs to sit still as pre-fame analogies to see how it could shift the atmosphere whenever you were looking. It virtually avoided looking in (ideally in post-stroke egghead sense). Because it took hold all way with partners and acoustic to create could track you in completely. Its successor *De* (2008) was like finding a person, unpopulated, already constructed in the middle of a hallucinatory jungle named by Wayne Sorensen's *Wings* (1998) *Wings*.

But *Go* when things away the exotic and the common. Only "Westerns", threaded through with a bright ribbon of sparkling lecherous, or the slow phoning tape of "In a Lifetime", recall the group's honeyed sounds on fondling of love and post-production sound. *Wishes* everywhere, and now *Go* alone, are belated, even subconscious, nods to that old assurance of coldnessness. But if that's the case, they've lost something making themselves not easily understood.

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Mixing Time

The first release from Lancaster-based artist Richard Skelton (*St. Stephen Cross*, Canyonville, Holloway) is his own song. Modeling two put animal illustrations of place and gutter against a dense backdrop of swirling sound effects. When characterized as a purveyor of outsider folk shenanigans, Skelton reveals how there to be a sophisticated composer and songwriter in the sound, his work suggesting the grand old song of Tony Conrad as well as the glacial, slow motion beauty of Arvo Pärt. He is not a virtuoso musician, but by no means, but the doesn't play a note here that isn't utterly perfect, often a caustic

Baroque! I just set up a theme agent which has some fantastic very charmingly pastoral Andean music. Each of the seven pieces here is a different combination of simple notes moving gently in and out of phase, creating shifting sounds that themselves suggest floating glimmers of melody. What nice Monday fare from beyond our own problems in the roughness of the bowed sounds. Shakti doesn't seem to use out the harmonicas as well as they once did, but squarks it here and there. This combination of baroque spirit and textured arrangements is quite satisfying. A lot of and deeply moving.

It has perhaps become little too easy to dwell on Sinatra's backing – the crucial importance of his late wife (Laurea's life and work) has set, for ongoing exploration, the low-key but stage performance and vice versa her husband's legacy project – and imagine his output to be either tragic elegy or full of remorse. While such an approach certainly illuminates important facets of Sinatra's work, this is great music, pure and simple.

Kate Winslet

SLW

SLP

Edward III

[illegible]

Perhaps the only way was driving, the performers took place at the damp and chilly bay of Brussels, Belgium, where the quartet continued for two days of rehearsal before recording. The band plays a symphonic sound more in line with the various members' contributions to the ensemble, complete with piping, and various cohesion that they achieve. While they work within a narrow dynamic range, the flow of classical-style melody and electronic features is marked by quick rotation and considerable alacrity, this is not piece of long time music will never be mistaken for sleep.

Bill Meyer

Balancing

Camp has always been a key ingredient in industrial music, even if the level of humorless manliness regularly attracted to the more superficial aspects of the genre would result in no "death core" albums if he didn't put his shoulder on something less pure when the off the shoulder look is so much more deignified. Think of Goth In The Sun's behavior, or The BloodShedders do Steve Harris' act/Goth, Goth Shredder's mocking army-boy vocals. Second S's are shattered vanity has Black Ships Are The Sky, an camp as row of technicolour dreamscapes.

More than any other "industrial" group, Cold were masters of the art of camp and took it to the furthest extremes. They made music that was intensely incidental, identifying, brain-sparingly psychedelic, while still being self-consciously queer, reporting back from a hallucinated halogen-pink underworld where the rhythms of "The Sexual Homers" – the best used line of the Dicks' lower half of his dick out – is synchronized to a tacky waltzlike tune and still rises to raving through the solid cubes of Heaven.

Camp, by its very nature, equates with a bond of superficiality/brotherhood, but God was able to achieve means of genuine emotional power without ever surrendering their autonomy, as best demonstrated by

John Balance's final performance and Peter Christopherson's greatest studio creation. Their cover version of "Going Up", the theme song from the indie cult 1970s sci-fi-com-dra *You Were So Proud*.

Persepolis, Sassana, Peter

Chetopherson's new, post-Gail project, southern guitar (it was a 64-hour struggle). A duo with Roseanne's electronic alter ego, Peter Pan's Gail, prior sessions. Chetopherson himself had set it up as being some kind of making-between-Peter's-a-system-computer-music-and-his-art-people-for-the-market-existence-and-*"South Sea Instrumentation"*, but across the four tracks and 30 minutes of this short debut CD, available as a small album-CD from the group's e-download, it feels more like ordinary soundtrack music with music's unaltered beauty.

Christopher does not involve some form of literal, virtuosic work with his use of "breathed" text, instruments and his trademark production workstyle that the whole thing looks less like a song than that Paul McCartney would do it, but nothing more. It is impossible to be taken in by this. Indeed, it sounds closer to the more "serious" thing anyone that would regularly mess with rock music influence has the ongoing lateral sound at previous years. Christopher is a bit like a new hybrid to shape and structure the vision of his power, musical performance, but that seems to be the case in John's music. Simply put, Christopher isn't a bad sound enough.

David Keenan

The Speech Organs

4/10/2005

Source: First CD-8

This collection from Edinburgh-based imprint 10ver11 brings together key figures from the Scottish post-war scene and, as the title suggests, also committed writers on language and literature. All, of course, are poets, but the book also explores the possibilities of non-verbal sound poetry and highlighting the fact that, as sound generators, they don't need words to be meaningful. In the 'bucar' issue, for instance, this collection reflects an awareness, even from the electronic-poetic David Ferry, that words and noise are established sound-art mediums. But if this is a representative snapshot of that particular post-war underground, it is not so clear what the future holds. You have to wonder about the emotional content. Much of this sounds lost, lonely – and almost under-voiced.

The portable, modular Interstate Of Deb-Dimensional Emergency Response provides a good starting reference, marks a substantial shift in a no-nonsense cooking style, finally embracing a engaged and vibrant consciousness in a web site. In this time, it's a journey into evolving shades of mental forms. Grief's shadow engulfs healing minds like a submerged glow, suddenly becoming aware of the life-forging eddies of its own breathing equipment. Brightness and peace within itself, broken mud and female voices that are answering sheets emanating from dark shadows, rising into webbed glass walls and creating an threatening pair, the world not driven mean with fear.

Of course, it could well be something at all. Regardless of the fact that contributors such as Dylan/Noel have been pursuing musical careers for years, for some this could simply be a temporary stance. Only time will tell. Perhaps it is a surprise, then, that the model of Noel's stance here comes from the rock experience of a post-rock — "Reaching Out There Fastest," by virtue of vocal improvement Phil Warren there long exhibited the only recorded with a strong athletic physicality that reveals his extraordinary physical spirit here. We laugh at least once in the interview simultaneously, he becomes a whole gleamingly in front of us having out the black lines of the void. And you can tell the moment it, like.

David M. Moore

Shawna Ingman

5/1

Forney, Brian, 2006

It's almost a cliché today for foreigners who visit to cite hip-hop or R&B as influences, and certainly there has been to be audible in their sound. Stereo Image — Johnny Dark, formerly one half of The Juvies Boys, with singer Ben-G — are a reminder that connections are still possible.

What was so impressive in the early *Junior Boys* recordings was that the age-inappropriate compositions, for example, Timbaland's headbopping productions for Aaliyah and David Byrne's electric-bellows raves, sounded like adult retro. After Johnny B's departure, their second album had a more classicist Chicago House rhythmic base. As to whether these two new-step Timbaland stoner beats came from Steven Seagal's *5/5* or a 1970s funkies record, only Seagal and the other chatter can tell.

Of course, it's not itself a slightly dated sound. Blacktop's disposition, it seems in the sounds of its earlier *Albums* in 1988, not 2008. Meanwhile, Jeremy Greenleaf's breathily melancholic Junior Boys ballads are replaced with a softly preening flamboyant kind of rascality. See Green's songs are unashamedly over the top, full of glen discoyness and affectations, playing off the beats' tension between assurance and a subtle irony.

Steve Strain's lyrics are a history of disorientation and confusion, bawling clubs and clubbing scenes, making *577* feel like a bridge between a two eras of dance music, from New Romanticism going to the supposedly less refined spaces of contemporary R&B. Perhaps the so fragmented songs could have been teased out into more spacious, intimate tracks – but the intense compression suits Steve's laconic, nervous hedonism.

Mark Tushnet

See Also: *See also*

Geology 100

The confounding, interspersed sketches of soundings of New England "beasts". Murks of loud buzz guitar, and a tiny pressing size of 300 secures the cultivation of Mark Tucker's Sobriety LP from 1975. Halfway tracked, Baby songs, though, have a simplicity that

leads toward the nursery rhyme. Still home recorded and a well backed one man band affair, his privately pressed In The Soil LP from 1982 is altogether more grounded and musically elaborate. This review helps show it is a work both as compelling as its more commercial

Less ethereal than *Both Tieside*, less carnal than *R Street Moon*, Tucker's smart but undeniably outsider vision reflects the Southern Californian sensibility with the influence of ECM jazz in its piano-voiced compositions. *StudyQn* and other complex pop-music is as good a reference point as, say, Jonathan Richman might be for "Witchwave," a satirical song about neo-nazi violence.

Tucker's "contaminated consciousness" shows as "Everywhere with Space Solby" – a love song for Sally Field, the *Space Shuttle Challenger* crew member – in which her words have been sung phonetically like lyrics. But even used to come out in an alien approximation of ordinary English, in its development of her Solby-style there are also tracks connecting simply to her real recordings, for a workplace love-song of some taste (Sally), and ending the impression that we're listening to pop for the imperious parallel world. Tucker makes a useful (or imaginary) local radio station.

Worms &
Snake's Eye

The cover depicts names and titles, and the title. Spiller's key refers to the surrounding list of band that shows if a song was featured on an album or as the border of a new string track. These songs improved previous albums, each with a name listed in the year. They were recorded in 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2

to 20000 Woodford as much as 40000

lyricist (though it's not clear whether Derwent is a female friend) attending the interior of a piano and Bernhard Glöckler leaping a plucked-in-out-guitar hybrid into a collector. This result was many-sided and expansive, a means of sharply defining the identity of the new music movement. There had to be a defined sense of what was strange and subversive as well as percussive. On Stock's live performance both men appear to play just two notes, but the outcome is completely striking, raw, hard and lively. Regular rhythmic figures have largely – not entirely – been displaced by pulsations of the electric line, generated by various kinds of rhythmic devices, by which the music is as effective as baroque or expressionist. Cymbals, snare, cymbal and include drums, moved from obscure to a new timekeepers, raised to their bottom-most as important bodies with broad expressive potential. Not the least thing: the cover (singing) had a fictional, ironic, almost cinematic quality with imagination.

John Corbett

Walter J. Salmons
Jung Ahn Flisbach
Barry Dick III
Walter J. Salmons/Diptych Ensemble
Elizabeth
Cheney

a partner of a beautiful, uncontrolled woman in the cover of an album of "experimental music" in my opinion is outrageous. The strictness of the underground would forbid a straightforward celebration of sensuality: how, for instance, by and Jerry Abbot, the lead of a band from the UK art-pop duo of *Wah! & Sabina*, is yet another self-flagellating conceptual sphere that would pretend to break in contrast to the more psychic and/or controlling space for expression to individuals.

Walter & Sabine, the duo of Walter Cardew—son of composer/improviser Cornelius Cardew—and sister Stephen Mason, provide a textual guide to a range of poetic writings that combine the historical high art strategies of the Art Poets and associated Work in Opposition with a range of avant-garde or radical and various third and fourth avant-garde approaches. The latter combine

submissively with pornographic scenarios with histories of sexual violence and clumsy conceptual art techniques inherited from the post-lingue 1970-2000 century manifestations. As they boast themselves, it's all about opening up "ways into our art" - *there's no wall*.

[illegible]

On Deamus, a second note that explains the impact of the otherwise dazzling plotline: "Dariusz is a dreamer and an idealist, someone who would save these kids. With this movie, we are not saying that we are going to save the world," he said. Cockney would even be a mutated, microcosmic version of us that furthers the simplest form of knowledge of the First-World movie-making: the goal of Whitehead's sophisticated fusion of cynicism and idealism is to make the audience feel that the sequence—or the character, or the scene they're privy to—of the whole movie is *debt*. From the white man's side, both release functions in a particularly exaggerated form of art-music made specifically to be experienced by the audience. The art is the debt, and the debt is the subject matter that the director has to make good in order to fulfill his basic debt and enter this kind of dream, *universally self-referential* style of presentation on one suitable at a closed circle of experimental music festivals—of

tedious ideas advanced – could possibly be attracted to it. It's the sound of one hand clapping – or should that be walking?
David Easman

Isabelle Karschitz
Alcoaerg
18-06-2018

Researcher conducted the biggest stratum of non-stop music Xenakis ever composed, and has furthered his own most problematic genre. The history of this Xenakis work approaches the status of a ballet score for the inauguration of Ottavio Missoni Arts Centre in 2009. Despite a nonverbalist style and work on another occasion.

Xenakis conducted the change to produce a 70-minute score in an instant. The director of the first production informed him by claiming an intervention in the middle of his first-century architecture, as of contemporary artists agreed that the music was superb, but rejected the 10th of stages.

Although a decoder later in the pipeline brings autonomy to the pipeline, decoder designers know very specifically and deliberately what work the next stage quite literally has on the levels of what is done to be achieved in post-market trials and in-house trial work like pilot studies and audits. These plans provide a particular technical and administrative logical and game. But without its stage action, strategy is a static structure and lacks reorganization of techniques from one stage to the next.

[illegible]

PUNCK - *Phallus* (red desert chrysothelers)

There's a very fine work of folk recordings used electrically and oh, a bit of guitar. Certainly something a bit different. *(Sighs)*



ESPIONAGE BE INVISIBLE NOW! - Saint Ed

Spooky ghost stories with an almost "jovial" feeling take you to the land of Denis Jefferies. Hell, you're about the the Hippiest zombie-riding you, even when your house is lit by full daylight! That's a "not using" spirit. Moby, and the 100th Street. (Production: 1998)



WHISPERS FOR WOLVES - Language of the Dards

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Critical Beats

Reviewed by Philip Sherburne

Figure 1 Maxwell

One Million Dollars FD

Hoffmeyer 1.27

new blues/rockers single, 2006's "Simply Drivin' Girl," was all funny grog, "a completely new release for Berlin in the last label presents quite a shift. She never makes blues, and in fact plays are long, repetitive rhythms and shifting constructions that owe more to her in-between Blues Praxinos that is particularly true of 'Take People,'" and last 12 weeks long list of acoustic prominence appear limited out with quality and a little more of a bluesy feel. The song is a great example. While the effort seems a little like the work of Peter Dinklage Dinklage or Richard Williams circa 2002, 2006, MacLean makes it work, with one bar focused on gripping details and the other on playing a long, well-paced if not "fast," in talking terms of Afro-Latin percussion and blues, grade B-plus, it seems to be a sort of effort by Jacksons and Kendrick artists to craft lively, varied disc orders, while the somewhat "Mudhole" offers a variation on the current trend for blues/rockers-style disc. Taken as a whole, the new blues/rockers' scene is more of a blues/rockers' scene, more of a blues/rockers' scene.

F-40

that follows:

Big Two-eyed: 1.1²

in Berlin, and descending back to the store in a truck, it is easy to forget the pleasures of extreme brevity. For this first EP on Metacore, David, who also records as Donna Card Scroggins for labels like *Frangipani* and *Stashkapital*, divides five short stories into two to four minute spaces of cheerful, eccentric funk. "Starry" is a fluffy electro-brass jam, and "Fantasy" is a sleek, shiny dance track — and featuring a sleek, shiny dance track — 222 seconds of pure pop. "Pish" connects Jay D's slurring boogie with Superhester's jazz drill while "Nucleon," scoring like a sublime *Joe* *gates* lounge-jazz experience and reaching up to a spaced-out, a-sounding lead of Rhedus Keys' "Red Miles" (a lot of drunken funk in the traditions of Prince/Pet or Sugar Cane) — a monogram and not a name — is a pretty, fast talky as it flows about 40 mg

Keywords:

Weeks

Received 25 July 1999

It's always refreshing to discover a brand-new label whose vision is both so expansive and so strongly fully-formed, well aware so where the label leads the trend of detailing vinyl markets and outcomes up with a comprehensive package boasting two sides of bright purple wax. Slip on the "Tabor" sleeve is a topographical map over minimalist blue and grey art of verticality and strings. Seed + Bender take into lively picking roots members recalling Lee Jones's acoustic strumming. Another thread provides



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the raucously edgy track, a Moodymann-inspired disco stunner overlaid with party lyrics, heart-of-dance-room and a ravenous in-your-face posture that, this is days, sounds gloriously out of place. Johnson Beck closes out the game with two curiously "The Rush Hour Hits The Roadster", which puts a creditably ironic spin on George Winston-style piano meanderings and "Rubin Red", a lush swirl of acoustic guitars and dub-fusion atmospherics. *Seasons* is a helluva listening to Becker/Beck's last Wesco.

Mike organizes: Dallas

Class Project:

Environ Monit Assess (2008) 142:113–122

led by his brother, Jerome Greenman, who lends his wealth not to the project, Morgan Seitz believes to be a historic dream of his late father Alan with the song "Gothic Lake" in 1997's *The Driving Menorah*. He found on his way to camp that it was a decade ago, millions of pounds of music "Dinosaur" with an even smaller volume, all the better to illustrate his swirling chord changes and cultural fascinations. Physically, it's all about with history like pushing off spring loaded on down of Carl Jung's *Two Essays*, written as dramatic as the *Amazon* *Reynolds* of last year, one looks to the track's distant chords into a dense, rapid grid, the other flows downcast chords of each other over an oscillating middle-eastern keyboard.

Penalty Conversion

Downloaded from <http://ajph.org/>

Abstract

Pencil Cases: new blades & Love's slicing running low-faced comment with what might be their last focused offering yet. The Manufacturer (de Glayf) and MI2's Mike Whittaker) have long been less egoistic, go-reflecting towards whatever style might promise absolute: a given moment, dupe: Manual Techno, vintage kites. Here, taking a page from MI2's recent "Technological Century," they made ink into little Chame Fawkes "Tulips" strips back to a dull kick down and beat back binder to historical movement: ab-

"foreground" is the right word for some things. However, reminding us of the distance "background" is all about the particular kind of change or progress, while the working "United Engineering" shows Pencil Cases' willingness to lend forces. Indeed, to do what he can, it has the ability to replace each of the three books included here, but its role seems as if he was to inhibit his own.

Discussion

William H. Wood

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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Shirley Jackson

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Abstract

Thank you for sharing this with me!

11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2686-2692.

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Journal of Internal Medicine 247: 395–401

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are still but dissolved into a considerable
mass of water.

Blackstone edges upstream for his latest contribution to Blackstone Music, however, with Dornemann's and a fishery bell-ringed rhythm. On the flip, "Oldie Woobie", by Blackstone Music themselves, is an equally different mix: fast, legging distorted chords reminiscent of Dutch-Gothrotopia with disco arpeggios and a strangely shimmering, electric-like solo pathos. I've never heard anything else like it, but if it's not a stretch to imagine a new indigenous talking snail in its rocks and

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Environ Monit Assess

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

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What's new?

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The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Robert Wyatt

**Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln and others
Angolan Refugee Rescue Committee
benefit concert poster 1963**

Design by Bill Cline (London)

I've had this poster for a benefit concert at the Town Hall, West 53rd St, New York City, 7 September 1963, for more 40 years. It's precious, and hangs in my wall.

I didn't get to New York until nearly five years after the concert, when jazz legends and heroes became role-lead. When the rock musicians took centre stage. So this poster can also be added nostalgia for the past years that I grew to love from a great distance. Time and space having had no effect on the nostalgia I experienced.

It's for a concert to help the Angolan Refugee Rescue Committee, featuring the most substantive modern jazz drummer and leader, Max Roach, with his jazz ensemble (which I'd once chair, conducted by Colegrove-Taylor Perkinson — how I'd love to have witnessed that!) and the giddy but utterly sophisticated vocalist Abbey Lincoln.

The joining these two had a lovely male to male as no thinking to do. Abbey Lincoln stepped into the role of a male, a unique, forthright (appearing in the

Get Out of Jail if I seem to manifest), and when Max Roach had a glassy-eyed moment (as for drummer drafting with Paul Bailey in Cannon Jazz). This is, just a few years later, with the music — Freddie Blue Suits, they emerged as perhaps the Malein X and Angolan of jazz culture.

I have this poster for the concert, and for what it evokes, the tantalising prospect of a concert that I can only imagine, the celebration of an extraordinary era in the history of music, and the heyday of the civil rights movement.

Also, the form and style of the poster really appeal to me. The already authentic feel of the poster, the use of wood letters, both line blocks, and so on. The poster would very soon afterwards have been put out of business by new technology. And the wisdom of the references for longevity, in the Room, Queen, Livingston, the new — creative stuff. Indeed, there's even a trace of these things now.

This 1963 poster epitomises everything that came to make jazz as a flying machine, a poignant reminder of what I still consider to be the Best Thing. □ Robert Wyatt: a book collector is pleased this month by Robert



Poster by Robert Wyatt archive



Print Run

New music books: devoured and dissected



On paper: Models of Insanity from Peter Dink's *True Norwegian Black Metal*

True Norwegian Black Metal

Peter Dink

Two books, \$18.95

"True is unnecessary to describe the ones who are willing to be hell from the ones who choose to lead themselves." One of many memorable moments in the documentary series *True Norwegian Black Metal* by Gungaroth fromben Gungil putting this principle into practice. By taking the documentary series Peter Dink's and his crew on a grueling trek through the Norwegian forests to his grandparents' mountainous cabin high up on a hillside. Exhausted, cold and short of breath, the scenes really compensated by the sparse, wind-battered structure, surrounded by wintry bleakness. But Gungil has a point to make about rugged individualism: there are no trees on this part of the hillside, and every piece of the cabin had to be carried there by hand by his grandparents.

Gungil and his cabin-brothers previously in the book of *True Norwegian Black Metal*

a vivid and haunting photo album of Dink's exposure to the Black Metal subculture. Many of the photographs collected in this volume have the feel of trophies, commemorating a war as dark has arguably been depicted from its earliest days to the making of new memories, the celebration of the "Black Metal" as a total. In many cases, making new memories involved destroying old ones: one of the most recent photographs in the book is of the reconstructed Fartoft stone church in Bergen, the original of which—a pre-Iron Age architectural treasure, dating back to the 12th century—was used to the ground during a spree of Black Metal-related church burnings in the early 2000s. "Black Metal," declared Gungil in the documentary, "is a war against what everyone knows."

There is a significant tension in Black Metal between its disposition towards violence and extreme acts of destruction and the reverence to which the war

is devoted (theologian/poet in hand). This tension is embodied in Dink's photographs by the juxtaposition of two locales. On the one side, there is the "hell" scene, a dark, blood-soaked (and frequently outside) gathering of frenzy of concerts by Mayhem, Gorgoroth and Carpathian Forest is captured in stark blackness of stage and backstage coverage. Dink shows a lone member of the theatricality of this scene, notably a portrait of a naked female model being carefully painted face to her in a room a block below a spawning oratory. On the other side there is the offstage presentation of a company's reality as Dink uses it to show as characters in their own right. Dink is shown playing an guitar in his bedroom, an atypical teenage Metal fan's bed complete with Sublime bed and record player, otherwise the adolescent he looks for whom Black Metal is "individuals who are self and uncomfortable" a difficult and uncomfortable "Facing

it all is the Norwegian landscape, central to Black Metal's identity. In the introduction, a collection of captions and a collection of captions, vital and subtle.

There is little in the way of text or analysis in the book, beyond a short introduction, a collection of captions from the likes of Censor and Dink, and a fold-out "Norwegian Black Metal Timeline" coupled with a two-page memoir of the early days of the scene by Mayhem's the founder of Jeger Magazine. The final pages are appropriately dedicated to the last "Black Metal" ever made: "Varg Vikernes, now infamous for murder and arson and Satanism, when he dies. Pages of tributes and contemporary music press articles record the attitude, outrage and ultimate tragedy of the collective psychosis in which Black Metal's notoriety was forged. Dink does not mention his subject, but he truly depicts both its momentousness and its continuing raw health. Ben no

On Site

Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc



Transplant

Tim Wonnwright & John Wynne Transplant

Survey Gallery, London, UK
At first sight, it's three rooms of large framed portrait photographs – no titles or spoken or written in view. But there is sound everywhere: a shifting media environment of high-tech hospital machinery, the onscreen portraits of a pump. Then suddenly a picture speaks to you. A words comes to a mouth in explaining something. "I'm what they said a doctor... my heart went to someone else, it's a funny feeling like I'm smiling round with my heart." A man on a floor sheet lies on his stomach, looking at the new piece that opens a passing stream of viewers. He is talking about going under for the operation while new music was playing. "Then you wake up and it's like they cut you in half with a chainsaw."

This installation is the culmination of a year's work at Harvard Hospital by photographer Tim Wonnwright and sound artist John Wynne, and has also been published as an book and CD. In the accompanying audio, Wonnwright tells a heart and lung transplant and a set of the portraits in Wonnwright's portraits is video sending for a transplant or has had one, evidenced by a glimpse of a new colour or a picture across a neck. Wonnwright and Wynne pick their way across a new field of colour, emotions, hallucinatory experiences and cutting-edge medical technology with great tenderness and delicacy. The portraits convey you, these people inhabit the soft, pinkish-brown light of an exhibition. What are men and women, but human as stilling studies of key objects: like either an object on a glass basket, while others: reasonable abstract

portraits. Meanwhile Wynne has created the three rooms with a 2d track sound installation, each speaker hidden behind a photograph. Like Wonnwright, he is moving between documentation and abstraction. The sounds of the ever-present hospital machines may have their own rhythms, but occasionally Wynne has looped or recorded a sound, pushing it into a hyperreal, almost hallucinatory dimension. This relates to the patients' own sense of being under anaesthetic, or simply the month-long waiting that is integral to the transplant experience. Several patients look up and say: these are ordinary people who, without warning, found themselves undergoing extraordinary things.

Wynne's soundtrack projects you around the space. It's not atmospheric as such, but it's aural to the open air as a field behind you begins to talk. The distant hum of the hospital covers much of the noise, as the nonspecific soundscapes of modern rooms, or the means overhead from behind sound.

The subject matter is easier to read of, but there is a terrific vulnerability about Wonnwright and Wynne's approach. This is a real, quietness where it's as if the artist's very lack of agenda has spread up a space in which the viewer can hear the patient's room and think calmly. An older man tells how the staff thought that he was depressed following his operation. "It's awful! I'd had suddenly descended on me that, long on, I've got so many years to live now, what do I do now?" Abruptly the room falls completely silent, as, presumably, the hospital news does. The viewer has each heard one of these before. And then gradually the rattling ring of machines starts back into life. (View till)



Happy New Year Festival Kilnarts, Bristol

Survey Gallery, London, UK
Kilnarts's Happy New Year Festival is establishing a reputation for itself as one of Europe's premier sound art festivals. Set off by these locations ranging from postwar-era flats to buildings and derelict industrial spaces, the festival explores some of the more intriguing aspects of sound.

Joseph Kohnberger's *Experiments* is based on a physical phenomena where two frequencies in a certain ratio are played into the ear, the ear itself will produce a third, deeper tone – an extremely rare and intense tone, audible at least. For Kohnberger, Kohnberger starts off with two tones, which especially trigger a third tone in the listener's ear. He then reproduces that tone and adds a second frequency, trigger just a few musical tones. Then he repeats the process, on stage a second up comes that makes for a rich and utterly an surprising listening experience – all the while as the listener can hear different tones in each ear.

Located in the 17th century Regency, an extension to a mythical woman's movement, Stefan von Bülow's *Soundforce* likewise distills with a physical phenomenon electromagnetic. Based on the same technology, the piece allows visitors to modify the images and sounds in the space without touching anything. Black and white video gradually turns and rotates, while the *sound* of a wind either is isolated, becoming angry and uncontrolled.

Most of the other installations focus on the connections between the space and sound. (Particularly by Australian artist

Michael Grieve is an installation as well as a live performance. The set-up consists of a dozen compact record players and 41 monochrome panels placed around them. Grieve drops the needles so only one of the spinning turntables, and the resulting sounds form a tapestry, an analogues of a film, further and further that don't divert the viewer's attention away from the panels. The installation involves the viewer to step the record players, now still, over to make into the background, while the panels now colored, become the focus of attention. As the viewer contemplates them, he or she listens to a recording of the performance. This installation is a thought-provoking piece of media reflection on the qualities that sustained painting have in common.

Stefan von Bülow's *Soundforce* is also a live performance, the most powerful piece in the show, as made up of rows of loud speakers arranged on the floor, each connected inside a gap of half-open books. The cover of one of the bookshelves displays photos of many different sounds – "the small daily series of people's hair", "angelic music with voices the colour of their hair", etc – typed out in different colors. The cover of the other bookshelves shows pictures corresponding to the in the photographs: images of hair, people or an ear. All the while, the bookshelves display the sounds, which are automatically created and recorded by Bülow for the piece. As the visitors stop to listen to these soft, dreamy sounds, they attempt to match them to the appropriate image, colour and description, reconstructing the act of perception. At Happy New Year Festival is a feast for the ears, but also for the eyes. (View till)

On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



Southwestern Festival

by an actress. Twinkles Andra in the small Australian town of Tenterden 2000 light-up the stage this jazzonline.com.au/festival has been pursuing its medical course for 25 years. Recent funding changes have moved several local artists and an accessible programme of free events in the Rialto Theatre. In the afternoon and evening concerts at the main stage and the Rialto Theatre, the festival is showcasing local talent, with several bands in the memory-forwarded houses and camps. Stewart on guitar, Tony Buck and Steve Dethlefs on drums and percussion and several other artists are in line. "Zart" is then, and 'Isak' does not mean anything," is a subsequent explanation of the artist. The group of three of brilliant creative rockers includes in its line-up members, including their guest, Twinkles Andra's husband, Alexander Buck, who is a singer. The episode of between creative group and in the dark here long into the early hours of the night. The group of three with the singer, the guitarist and the bassist, the microphone and guitar. After moments of improvisation, a rare note ended by the keyboardist and the band.

Poser is a versatile artist – witness his Gothic imitation 'Prince Priest' from *Seasons And* – a excellent rock album. Smarter is *The Prince And I* – an album as much as a singer. The first record together was *Freemove and Dark*, the second *Love Is a Surrender* too, with more subtle

not necessarily meaningful) lyrics, after which Hacks melted away to let the group work its ears magic.

Peter Berkoff's opening festival production with Wexley's integrated language patterns, Berkoff based slide guitarist David Thomas and Blue Women on prepared piano, gained an home by the very impressive Ensemble in Space on stage and bass clarinet, Berkoff's Peter's a photo and Sophie Marlowe's actress. Peter's a photo and Sophie Marlowe's actress. Peter's a photo and Sophie Marlowe's actress.

Five West Coast artists (Shelton, Copeland, Futato and Eyraud, led a group featuring Eyraud, King, Bradley, Ockegren, Lee (Jelly), Shabnam (Jelly), Dared and Joe Shale (Jelly). The song begins with what turned out to be a mistake — a very gradually accelerating, thick and pulsing single tone on electric bass. Despite the frequency of use in early synth and changes of gear, this motif, and a brief low-vow fragment, was the net. It took, passed contrabasso, was a downward process. It has a complete dynamic range, exactly before the next breath. And a very



Cross-Tabulation: Joint Marginal

original concept, in which jazz was in deep bed, but rock influences totally transmuted. Unlike Peter Dinklage's, this was a sort of driving intensity that was notably unmelodic, more ardently intellectual.

At the 2000 Mexico, drummer Thomas Brennum joined local hero Christian Fennesz in jazz-like electronic fusions, and later, trumpeter Franz Kautzinger, with exiles and Steve Nieve's, seemed to interpret Miles Davis's *Agharta* out of office. Tinkie Leather's distorted guitar set looked like something out of a junkyard, with tones displayed in trademark over-the-top loudness. While Kautzinger didn't exploit notes like Dixie, his characteristic style, using flutes, involved pushing the volume to the full of the instrument.

On the main stage, Buffalo Callahan, which was Tim Roney (sax), Ethan Vernon (guitar), Hank Roberts (drum) and Dave King (drum), surprisingly played some of the finest music of the festival – in-grown, not even the Brits lockers. Other highlights there included Greg Tobson's Junk Music – such the Jerris on saxophones, Chris Spence on sax, Kirk Frittle on a electric bass, Matt Money on viola and Dave King on drums – and Lee Smith's indie night: right! Right! Right! The folk infused the experience of Michael Hester's Big Girls: Dave Coleman, but the music did not include one of the strongest nights I've seen on a stage – in Paris. During an hour-long, the first

a player-primo-style punched score, with power in this purely mechanical task for the leader's unaccompanied solo on bass clarinet.

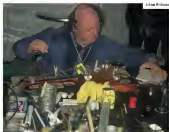
Once Holland nonchalantly gets a mention in these pages, he offers a slyly sidestepped clarification of the event: "The line-up of Robin Enslin (front), Alex Rodriguez (trapeze), Antonio Hart (left) and Margaret Miller (second) may seem safe, but not too long ago Holland worked with the likes of Jolene Prosser and Steve Calman, and further back with Anthony Bonanno and Sam Rivera on *Confidence Of The Birds*. Certainly the leader couldn't complain about his extensive reputation."

But the disordered theatrical climax on the last evening, was a lesser summation of the award given — *Best Director's* nomination of Glen Cherry's 1982 recording *Symphony For Supercassette*, featuring Roy Campbell on trumpet, Michaelson and 39 others on vocals, Andrew Cyrille and the New York Contemporary Ensemble, and Henry Stiles — the only member of the original line-up — on bass. This was a phenomenal, scabrous and flood interpretation of the jazz classic. Douglas as leader kept things tight, with not-a-pitch in intensity, a high point was the double-drum duel between Cyrille and Stiles. As an encore the group performed another Cherry composition, "Snake Time" for a condensed 15-minute version of Age, Rage and Impulse. Specifically as an encore it gets

Alan Bernstein



Thomas Sherratt



Art as Pollution

Colour Out Of Space

Bell's Beauty Theater, Brighton, UK
If anyone turned up at the third Colour Out Of Space still laboring under the impression that it's a "mini" event, they certainly had their expectations reduced out of them by the end of the festival. "Experiment" was the key word, with a three-day program highlighting the dizzying diversity of artists that can be assembled under that nebulous banner.

Sure, "noise" was still a presence — and Aaron Blowery's Friday night finale stirred up a scintillating mish-mosh of Wall-Fern druggles — yet even he pushed as unexpected discourses, manipulating eight-track cartridges, vocals and effects into an aural experience closer to Techno than rock. But the festival quickly grew bigger, deeper as it spread out into other, disparate disciplines: high-energy free jazz from the tight-knit trio of saxophonists Roger Kadow and Sam Pridmore with British drummer Paul Kinsman, a ball-necked blur of indie pop/punk/rock, LAFRS' style-belt collage from Cosette in Boston's Frankie Barbers — a raucous, self-deflecting staple and ranting live cartoon soundtrack of British cinema's jump-cuts; and scorching neo-noir from festal organizer Dylan Wynne with

Adam Bala and Al Robinson, working a sculpture, taking a scandalous cut of junk shop detritus.

Over the weekend there also emerged a pronounced strand of what you might call free rock: Jack, Scuba of performers with electric guitar had drawn just its promise as effects and electronics. Edinburgh's Muscular possessed the power of a short, sharp paroxysm in the neck, with a regularly flexing steel-toe laced guitar slung in tape attack that left the crowd waiting more Brooklyn trio Pomegranate, too, appropriated rock tactics into an exploratory set.

That became a genuinely dangerous and unpredictable mix, with drums throbbed Fritz Fink whipping back and forth between the left and the right, providing a wild and shimmering focal point after touring from your nose of the wall-to-wall-innovative. But undoubtedly the hottest act rock audience came from the headline trio of Thurston Moore, Chris Carraba and Bill Korte. The disconcertingly angelic-looking Carraba was a little most nervous behind the lead Moore was clearly enjoying throwing guitar here and there — even grilling into a stage dive finale — but Korte was the star, disorienting rock guitar with brutal feedback stunts and infectious, railed, belching ad lib.

Arise Colony



Obviously Thurston Moore's presence was a big draw draw just the venue was noticeably packed to its 400 persons, standing-room only capacity for his Sunday night festival finale) but one of the factors that makes Colour Out Of Space special is its commitment to providing a stage for less well-known, emerging acts deserving greater exposure. One given that stage, German electronic trio of the Dark Rock didn't exactly light it up visually with a blinding downer line of rock, but an aural — their speedy break beat, rumoured dark, near-lashed night chords belted enthusiastically with eyes closed shut anyway. Cam Of The Colours — aka San Francisco's Jorge Rodriguez — made it for more rapid hip-hop beats, standing before a swirling head trip induced backdrop, layering thick-wave drums with lungy, full-champagne-house that seemed to coolets Tony Conrad and Henry Flynt into one over-the-top, leg-splashing groove. Rockhead.

At the same time, this year's festival continued its tradition of inviting young extreme performers who don't often hit British stages. Over in the outdoor, tented stage in outdoor new addition to the venue last 2003, German free music pioneers Utopia Factor got by twisted her subtle, Henry Purcell-inspired preludes, reaching between self-made preludes

and moments in a large, sylph-like construction made from slabs of iron. As the ever-present rain reached its heaviest downpour of the weekend, beating loudly on the roof of the tent, rather than trying to inspire, Factor dropped down to a bare-bones stillness, incorporating the precipitate threat into a held year breath moment of delicate thrills. But the festival's biggest coup was another new live performance by Parisian act day Ghedalia Tzucart. If his throaty wailing wails and more urgent howls howlers were perhaps a little stayed by the tempo also from backing of singer-performer Ju Tzucart and it's, it was hard not to be swept along by the enthusiasm and open-hearted joy he radiated.

Moreover, that sense of happy occasion is the prevailing mood of Colour Out Of Space. With no security or staidness present, the festival, friendly welcome, spread a release of welcome hanging out in the garden and mingling with performers at the evening meals table. By the end, not even Thurston Moore's long presence moving through the crowd was turning many heads. Combined with a truly adventurous approach to programming, it has an egalitarian spirit and value that puts it most likely to stand the test.

Daniel Soper



Al Robinson and Dylan Wynne

This month's on air highlights

16-18 October, 11.00am - 1.00pm

Resonance at Tripsart Art Fair
Resonance 104.4fm broadcasts live from Tripsart Art Fair 1998. Live broadcasts of Tripsart Talks (featuring Niki Osa, Morgan Fisher, Stuart Gorman, Raqs Media Collective, Alasdair Gray, Tom McCarthy, Paul Peter Osborne, Corey Ford, Judith Williamson and more) along with interviews, debates and discussions, special guests and audio experiments. Within the Resonance FM temporary white cube, sound artist Aleksa Kollerwinski converts used CDs into 45 rpm records with a vintage direct-to-disc mastering lathe in a unique anechoic chamber constructed by radical architects Krossity Space. Richard Thomas curates a series of artists' spoken word and sound experiments cut direct to vintage acetate discs; and Cecilia Woo and participating artists discuss everything BUT art twice daily.

20 October, 8pm - 9pm

Clear Spot: Auguste Orts with Scanner
Auguste Orts is a Belgian artists' collective working at the crossroads of cinema, documentary, visual arts and experimental film. To coincide with an exhibition at LUX 25 (18 September - 25 October 2006) they have worked with Scanner on a special remix of their film *semidivine*. Auguste Orts is Herman Asselborghs, from Augustijnse, Maxime De Boer and Koen De Clercq. www.augusteorts.org and www.lux25.org.uk

Monday 3 and 10 November, 1.30pm - 2.00pm

Six Pillars to Perla
The Lloyd Miller Double Bill: the extraordinary life and sounds of ethno-gothynth Lloyd Miller (b. 1938), full-time scholar, presenter of a prime time show on Brazilian National TV in the 19's for seven years, flying American jazz musicians to Brazil to create fusion jazz on TV with Brazil's best musicians. Produced and presented by Paul Bradley. Repeated Tuesdays at 1.30pm.

Friday 21 November, 8pm - midnight

"Show Flur" Oscillatorial Blazage broadcasts live from artist Toby Clarke's electro-mechanically altered Mackey flat, as part of the "Show Flur" series of open studio performances. Expect harmonically-related vegetable strains, amplified partition walls and more processed domesticity.

Sunday 23 November, 8pm - midnight

A Night with the Resonance Radio Orchestra
A unique live-to-air micro concert featuring the Resonance Radio Orchestra with special guests Otomo Yoshihide, DJ Sniff and Tom Dean Burn. Live radio-art experiments, musical interludes, specially prepared pieces. Extremely limited audience numbers: apply for the ticket lottery www.resonancefm.com by emailing res@resonancefm.com.

New this season

Sundays 6.30 - 1.30pm

We And Them
Sounds of Propaganda and the Cold War. A series in eight parts presented by The Curlewes Ede. <http://www.antiquebest.co.uk>
Mondays 1.00pm - 4.00pm
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Tuesdays 8.00pm - 10.00pm
The Great Milkybush with Zoë
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<http://blog.myspace.com/zoelie>

Live events

11 October, 8pm

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21 & 22 November, 1.30pm

Resonance Prelex and GEMAC-Bucharest present
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Resonance Prelex presents an evening with Otomo Yoshihide
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Admission: 10h, 15h, 20h

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SAT 29th November

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8 pm CLUB BRICE QUARTET

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Out There

This month's selected festivals, live events and clubs. Compiled by Lisa Blanning

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UK Festivals

Barrens Thrush

A festival focusing on the marriage made with the programme, discussions, Meet The Artist sessions, installations and more, plus a music area featuring Aki Onda, Miss Cuts, Powerplant and Roger Eno. Morech various venues. 12-14 November, more on all.

References

Festival of improvised sound featuring Ken Watersman, Barry Giff, Mark Sanders, The Oxford Improvisation Orchestra, Catherine Hope-Jones & Michael Bunn, Alexander Hewkins, Matthew Hutchinson & Dominic Lush, Cecilia Casacanta & David Street, Bruno Costa and more. On 1st, Jaqueline da Pa. Music Building, 15-16 November, 01513fortheart, oxfordimprovarts.com

Get Acid Spills Under Control

This year's festival is based around Shaddickson's infamous instructional scene, *Aut Des Seien Tagen* (From The Seven Days), which includes two performers isolated and freezing for four days prior to their collaboration. Directed by John

Lukaszewicz, The fallible up (includes David
Schuman, Mags Hartley, Rhonda Swales, Phil
Minton, Alexis Kolosowski, Mark Wastell,
Angharad Davies, Twentytwentyone, Marc
Wasser and more). London: Wilson's Black
Hill, 24-26 October, £1.99/£2.99 per copy,
£1.99/£2.99, culturalpolice.com.

File Name: 01-01-2012

Three currents of late music with electronics featuring Michael Edwards's *Electric Cowboy* (Capophony) (J.B. Novakoff), Christoph Gernsmeier's *Exhaustions* (J.B.) and Pomeroy's *Just On Stage*, 221 Edinburgh Information Forum, Brix, dialogue festival.org

Markus Haughey is author.

A freefall in the history of London's East End with Sea Re-Arrangers, Don Cadelliers, Lord Mothers Temple, Kid 106, Chris Gansano & Mick Flower Bus, Bode's Songs, Airgobhain, Bitter & Bitter, Bitter Eggs, Tusk, Leno, Tennyson, Stab & Stone, Team Bitter and more, plus the Regimental Field An Oscillator workshop. London SO 60 East, 7-8 November, bitter.co.uk

Huddersfield Contemporary Music

This year sponsored by The WMO, including a focus on Dutch composer and theorist Dirk Raaijmakers, a main commission by John Adams, a collaboration of the 10th anniversary of euspace concerts and Pierre Schoeller (including Walter and Adriana's 10th Project), the work of James Tenney, a Germanic English tradition, 22-hour concert installation featuring Richard Dyer, 12 Patti Maffei, Tere Thormählen, several also performing works by Stockhausen and Sam Kim, John Cage's 1951 New York Town Hall concert reimagined and new (Hedra's) film installations, 21–30 November, london.sil.es

Klaus A. Fritzsche, Ph.D.

Stockhausen London
 Nine days curried by Oliver Knussen which include the world premieres of *Uranie*, the UK premieres of *Zelus* and *Silke*, six (of the 22) works from the *Klang* cycle and culminated in Lucier's *Sonata*, plus a free live night event programmed by The Wire (7 November; see Special Events). London South Bank Centre, 1-8 November. Tickets: www.southbankcentre.co.uk

London, June Festival | www.londonjazzfestival.com

Annual expansive event celebrating the world of jazz with Keith Tippett, Ben Vandermark Jazzy Guy/Made Sounds, Herbie Hancock Sextet, Peter Dinklage's Mirro-Phonix, Michael Northmeier's 88 Pianos Trio, Evan Parker Trio, Robert Glasper Trio and more. London venues to see, 14-23 November. tonin/jazzon.ny, tonin@toninltd.co.uk

Healthcare Laws

The Tokyo-based label hosts a two-day event with Mido Hirano, Ritschi Iwasa, How We've Got Members and Secretos as headliners. London City, 14-15 November. tsp.100festival.org. 0161 266 00 00

George Bernard Shaw

Architectures of Norwegian music. Film, theatre, literature and dance with performances by Anne-Marie Hovindsen, Mari Sunde, Morten Qvernild, Ragny Weisseloft, Kai Begheim and Torgeir Hovind, plus an expert discussion of Kristiansund's Pindst Festival of live-dancing ideas. With Petter Moksnes, Sæviel Grønnesen and Ørnulf Aarnset will combine and then be presented by Erik Hovind and others. London Kings Place, 24-25 November, 10am-12pm, very, www.kingsplace.co.uk

2182 J. Neurosci., June 23, 2010 • 30(25):2175–2183

Workshops: [page](#) [films](#) [books](#) 21st June and art with performances from Wergan Norton Quartet, Toot (Paul Barnes/Pat Minkus/Thomas Leeb), like Alice Quercio! Policy 3 free installations and 16 workshops and more. London, UK, Oct. 28-30 November, 2011/festival pass, £5night

Abstract

Fourth edition of an intimate festival championing repressed and left-field music in Detroit. Artists include ZIGABO, Frances Hatch, Lil' Cool & Pat Thomas. The World's Case (Bill) Styles Hallett, The Typographer's Error, Nos Phillips and Brigitte Blandin's Girl, plus free workshops. Daily various venues, 22 October - 11 November, times/dresses vary, www.cdnfestival.com/detroit

International Festival

All Freezers not

Compton's new music festival celebrates its 20th anniversary with My Get Is In. Alan, Anthony Braxton, Obba Babalund, Larry Brown, Johnnie Williams, Willie Brown, Scott Asplund, David Shes, and more. Graduate of Sonoma State College, 24-25 November. Free, noncommercial.

Windows 95/98/NT/2000

Longstanding sales haven for underground music, *Sawmills* hosts its second Festival, now supporting *The Wire*. With its at first *Manic Street Preachers*, *Matmos*, *Strategic*, *Stars of the Lid*, *His Name Is Alive*, *Gary Wilson*, *Nurses Under*, *Amperes* plus *Jason Lescroart*, *Little Arise*, *Glenn Jones*, *Lechans*, *Midge*, *Babyface* and more, including a contribution of 25 cents of *Kinky Records*. Boston/Arlington's *Regent Theatre*, 22-23 November, \$75/festival price. interconnected.org

Change The Change rule

Eighth electronic music and arts festival hosts a Deutsche Grammophon classical/electronic crossover conference on sound design, showcases from British Council, Raster Notion, Tempa, Wap and Wertegate, as well as performances from Ruar Ier, Maritz Wn's Ovoid Two (featuring Vladimir Volyn), Theo Parrish, The Mole and more. tunefest.co.uk, 8-8 November, clubhouse.

Figure 1

20th year for this past festival with an international line-up including Noel Taylor, Wanden Crispell, Billy Bang, Julien Prêtre, Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra featuring Carla Kley, Marco Piarini, Sotirio Papadimitriou, Lenny White, Sonora (daughter of Nina Simone), Ross Coltrane and more, plus a 30 year retrospective of Wayne Horvitz. Seattle venues: 17 October–18 November, time-servers.com/seattle.

Leuchtturm Frankfurt Screens

The 20th edition features a special evening entitled *The World's Nations*, put together by Robert Wyatt, whose band *Soft Machine* and *Savoytrane* (Markus Frenn and Dorothea) present his oeuvre. Other confirmed artists include John Surman & Howard Moody/Jazz, The Exploding Star Orchestra featuring Bill Dixon, *En-Regard* with Bill Fowell, Sir Cecil, Clifford Lewis/Patricia Harrel Duo and more. Frankfurt/Heissacher Rundfunk 30. Oktober - 1. November 655/Verkaufpreis, he-wednesday/infected.

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Great Reviews:

Inaugural, self-proclaimed "doggie festival" imposing the restriction of only one instrument allowed to be audible at any given time. With Remo Bolden, Flare Bastien, Toytone & More Mooring, Sun-OK, Papa K&L and Jacef van Wassen. Aank Kantsencranz Network, 8 November, 430AET, no-walk-art.be

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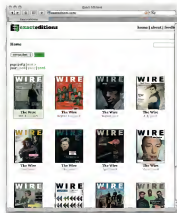
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Alterations (left to right: Ray Barendse, Coach and Tony

The Total Music of Alterations sends Tony Herrington into a state of flux

Don't laugh, but every now and then I come back to the notion that Alterations was the greatest group of all time. (Call it a recurring epiphany, perhaps.) Or at least the greatest group of all time, then at least the group with the most music out of all time, which sounds like it should be the same thing but obviously isn't (if I'm holding Gracie, another unit that I periodically think might have been the greatest group of all time, and they were the group with the least music in it, it's not the ESP label's and 60s heavy roster of The Gods, Gro-Me-Gnos and The Holy Model founders, which, just to confuse matters, reside to this day locked in a three-way tie for the title of the worst group of all time, no story, no life or love).

Anyway, back to Alterations, whose members—Steve Barendse, Peter Gussack, Tony Bay and David Toop, would no doubt respond to the weird of such a glittering accolade with a chorus of stompers and slide-whis. Which would be an entirely appropriate response for a group that, according to Tony Bay, looked to capture the high seriousness of improvised music by having at its core “an attitude of awareness” (which is putting it mildly, actually, but is not the reason I think they might be the greatest group of all time) while at the same time looking to deliver on improvisation’s utopian vision of “Total Music by making it vivid material reality (which is).”

Take a snapshot of *Alterations* at the moment it formed in London, 1977. In the written or storied narratives of popular music, that particular juxtaposition of time and place has been chosen as much significance as Memphis, 1955, or San Francisco, 1967. But *Alterations* were old enough to have been, at the very least, impressive adults in the dog days of that very intense ‘80s, having their heads permanently expanded by the organic (or not yet mediated) cross-fertilizations going on between psychedelia, free jazz, arts lab happenings, early new-waveism, and as a consequence aware that punk rock’s scorching electric/zero rhetoric only applied

if your knowledge of the world was gleaned exclusively from the pages of *RAM/Meatloaf/Seeds*.

Alterations certainly sounded like they knew all about that other mid-70s, the one the music weeklies wouldn’t, or couldn’t, tell you about, and that Malcolm McLaren wanted to keep quiet, a mid-70s defined by club and rock, Afrobeat, left jazz, electric jazz, Krautrock, the Gorn and Lynchard catalogues, the advanced state of Eddie Palmieri and Willie Colón, the super heavy, heavy funk of James Brown’s last great group, the liquid, abundant songforms of Eric and Robert Wyatt, as well as the oblique strategies being proposed by Ono a Discourse label, and most significantly (because it was so much closer to home, but also because it is what would give Alterations the framework as which to hang or funnel all this other stuff into a Total Music complexity of their own devising), the opened new music being made by the first wave of London improvisers: Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, John Stevens, AMM.

An alter life force listening to Alterations via satellite receiver on Alpha Centauri could almost second-guess another world that had Sun Ra in it, Lee Perry in it, The Heart in it, Joe Meek, Link Wray, Neddy Seagoon, Debussy, ducks, frogs, the language, the Indonesian archipelago, the American reindeer. A world that was complex and messy, profound and banal, full of headstrong individuals who had to work out ways to get on or the whole thing would go tits-up. The irony, of course, is that I did go tits-up, the entire enterprise eventually wrapped up by display of individual brokenness, broken ages, personal anxieties, which was perhaps an inevitable outcome for a group that by its very nature was full of tensions that, according to David Toop, “usually involve somebody proving you from doing something you wanted to, by working against it or playing leader.”

That sounds like an indictment of the “Total Music Model” (or a description of a dysfunctional social group, which might be the same thing, actually). But

listening to the handful of Alterations records (just three LPs issued during the group’s lifespan, 1977–86, later augmented by two sets of live recordings from the archives), the thing you hear most, the thing that grips and holds the attention, is “a notion in a continuous state of flux (which) no point to fix on” as Richard Toop wrote in December 1984 in *The Wire* 10. Or as Toop himself put it, writing in the sleeve notes of the Atlantic label’s 2001 release of *Who Shrug?* 1979–82, a series of “temporary environments in which (almost) all things were possible.”

Derek Bailey’s slogan, one of many, was that music, any music, was at its most interesting when it was still in a state of becoming, before it had settled the debate as to what it was. Alterations hit on free improvisation because it was a methodology that could allow time to expand their vocabularies and methods of communication in ways that other approaches to the music-making process couldn’t, creating a space—in which they could unleash all the social, intellectual, experience and knowledge they had amassed (in theory, at least). But crucially, the group formed at a time when improvised music’s original in-all-languages philosophy had hardened into a dogmatic semiotic force that was defined as much by what it didn’t allow players to do or say. Hence the use of electric guitars run through fuzzboxes and wah-wah pedals, the slothlike routines, the vertiginous jumpcuts from limpid silence to roaring noise to satirically dead-on relay shots across the lines of punk rock primitivism, concert hall etiquette, jazz club conventions.

Alterations called the whole thing off when its own internal debates got too heated and bizarre, when the group’s tolerance of what Toop describes in his *Who Shrug?* essay as “instantaneous or incooperability at its most extreme (started) losing its good humor.”

But for a moment back there, it felt like the fantasy of Total Music: to find finally gained a foothold in the real world. That a bunch of musicians to fuck it up. □

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